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SONNETS.

I.

Ah, yes! we have a mind within a mind, —
 Which keeps its counsel to itself, and deems
 The *issue* only ours. Thus do we find
 A lost self waiting 'mid the broken gleams
 Of knowledge, on whose steps we dare take
 hold
 In hallowed moments only, while we stand —
 The younger mind in presence of the old —
 Listening to that strange argument's com-
 mand,
 Which levels all things in its fearless course.
 So, sometimes, will an intuition deal
 With abstruse thought, with instant, lightning
 force,
 Outdoing, as it were, the work of years;
 Wondering within ourselves, we seem to feel
 The growth of energies our own soul fears.

II.

Pale, subtle memories still haunt the soul,
 When her bright day is dead and her moon-
 shine
 Comes, with a tender calm; like wind-tossed
 scroll,
 Whose half-known words are half guessed;
 whose design
 She vainly grasps, for but in hints it comes.
 Yet to the memory will the mind conform
 As if it met with such in mystic tomes,
 To all but sleepers closed, and half forgot
 The moment day's dear influences warm
 To wakefulness and life. O weird and
 deep,
 Beyond our knowing, art thou, soul! yet oft
 We live with thee, as though we feared thee
 not, —
 Forgetful of what times we feel the soft,
 Uncertain signs of secrets which you keep.
 Spectator. J. H.

AN OLD BOAT.

I PASSED a boat to-day on the shore,
 That will be launched on the sea no more.

Worn and battered, — the straight keel bent,
 The side, like a ruined rampart, rent;

Left alone, with no covering,
 For who would steal such a useless thing?

It was shapely once, when the shipwright's
 hand
 Had laid each plank as the master planned;

And it danced for joy on the curling wave,
 When first the sea's broad breast it claved;

And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke,
 That rang on the thole-pin of tuneful oak.

Oft it has carried home the spoil
 Of fishers, tired with night-long toil;

And often, in summer days, it knew
 The laugh of a pleasure-seeking crew;

Or launched by night on the blinding waves,
 It has rescued a life from the sea's dark
 graves.

It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,
 Drawn high beyond the billow's reach;

And none of all it has served in stress
 Remember it now, in its loneliness.
 Spectator. F. W. B.

AN IVY SONG.

In the mellow autumn sunshine,
 When the year was on the wane,
 I dreamed a dream of earthly bliss
 That cannot come again.
 The vesper lights were gleaming
 On a ruined castle tower,
 And I stood there dreaming — dreaming,
 When the ivy was in flower.

Down below me lay the shadows
 Where the alder-bushes grew;
 The fields were dim with golden mist,
 The sky was faintly blue;
 No restless wind came creeping
 Through my still and leafy bower;
 Life was sweet and pain was sleeping
 When the ivy was in flower.

Oh, the bonnie, burnished ivy
 Clings around the ruin yet!
 My blissful dream is over now;
 I woke to vain regret.
 But patience soothes repining,
 Sorrow brings a priceless dower,
 And God's light will still be shining
 When the ivy is in flower.
 Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

ON THE PIER.

A CRASH of music, a blaze of light
 Where the dancers whirl in glee.
 And out beyond the silent night
 Over the sighing sea.
 Whose waves sigh on — sigh on — sigh on —
 Whose waves sigh on forever.

So with its music of mirth and song,
 Its glory of laughter and love,
 To a maddening measure life whirls along,
 But death is around and above.
 And still thro' the music we hear the rhyme,
 The sorrowful song of the tide of time,
 Whose waves sigh on — sigh on — sigh on —
 Whose waves sigh on forever.

H. E. CLARKE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

HAMERTON'S "LIFE OF TURNER."*

IN Mr. Hamerton's "Life of Turner" we have at length a book which may be welcomed by admirers of the great painter who will not allow their enthusiasm to make them unreasonable, as well as by all who are chiefly anxious that the achievements of a long and memorable career should be impartially judged and rightly estimated. Some perhaps may regard as spurious an enthusiasm which is ready to be convinced that the object of its worship is not flawless, and may treat all adverse criticism as evidence of a deliberate design to mar a great reputation. But among those to whom Turner's works have afforded the deepest and most un-failing enjoyment there are probably not a few who can look on this vehement and almost fanatical feeling as a transitional state through which they have themselves passed, and can treat it, therefore, with patient forbearance; and perhaps these are likely to be the best judges of a man who has certainly taken his place among the foremost painters of all ages and countries. The opinion of such men is the growth of years. It is the result not of the reading of books, of controversy, or of prejudice, but of living in the painter's works, following the guidance of his thoughts, and yielding to the spell of his genius with a spirit ready to sacrifice everything except the paramount duty of honest thought and the honest expression of thought. Mr. Ruskin is not the only man to whom the work of Turner has come almost as the revelation of a new world. Many must still remember the feelings of wonder and delight with which they fed upon his pictures as on the wisdom of a teacher whose like they had not come across before—a teacher who could transform all things into images of tenderness, beauty, and glory, and who seemed to interpret to them their own thoughts and give shape and reality to their dim and faint conceptions. The remembrance of these wonderful impressions, which seemed as though they could

never be weakened, may go back to a time long before the publication of the first volume of "Modern Painters;" and it was only because others were impressed almost or quite as deeply as himself that the "Oxford Graduate" found an audience. Like that chivalrous champion, they had given themselves to the witchery of Turner's pencil, and wandered with him in enchanted land. In the mere outlines thrown off by him in a few minutes, not less, perhaps even more, than in his most elaborate works, they found a wealth of thought, of power, and of expression, such as they failed, or fancied that they failed, to meet with elsewhere; and they resigned themselves to the enjoyment thus lavishly provided without caring to analyze their feelings except in directions where the analysis could only make their enthusiasm more intense. There were many such directions. The workings of the master mind might be traced from drawings which scarcely went beyond contrasts of light and shade, through others which exhibited little more than a monotone of hue with a bright spot or patch of color here and there, to others in which the traditional methods were seen to be weakened, and at last were flung aside altogether. These stages in the development of his genius they were ready to follow, as they thought, with a discrimination which might deserve to be called judicial; but, while they could admit that here and there a fault or defect might mar the perfection of the work, they yet felt assured that the teachings of the new prophet became in each stage not only more striking and impressive, but more truthful. The conviction that Turner was charged with a special mission, and that he was conscious of it, gained strength as the years went by; and this mission, it was thought, impelled him to give a transcript of nature in all her various aspects with a completeness such as none had aimed at or even conceived before him. His works exhibited, indeed, a range so vast, a perception so exquisitely delicate, a force of treatment so marvellously sustained, as even to justify the idolatry of his admirers, and it was to the feeling thus excited

* *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. London: 1879.

that Mr. Ruskin appealed against the perversity or blindness of those who refused to acknowledge their perfection, laying down at the same time canons of criticism which could not fail to lower the work of all other painters as much as they exalted that of Turner. There was one department of art in which Turner had no rival, and in which even the most extravagant praises would scarcely seem exaggerated. It was easy to take a series of his water-color drawings, and from twenty or thirty of them to show the power with which he could exhibit, with some approach to their full glory, the most dazzling, the most majestic, and the most solemn aspects of nature at all hours of the day and in all seasons of the year. It was easy to analyze picture by picture, and to show that every hill, crag, and scar was full of the truth of mountain form, and that each displayed the same faithful study and representation of clouds and water. The only question which might awaken some misgivings in the mind even of enthusiasts would relate not to Turner's mastery of mountain forms or effects of sky and water generally, but to the degree in which the features of any given sketch were faithful to those of the place depicted—in other words, whether and how far his sketches were truthful representations of actual places, and could honestly be called by their names. If once this question forced itself on their minds, the result might not weaken their power of discerning and valuing all that is beautiful in the works of Turner; but it would most assuredly deal a death-blow to some unreasoning sentiment and dispel the glamor of some over-ardent worship.

This question, which goes to the root of all art criticism, and compels us to determine, if it be possible, the nature and objects of art itself, has led Mr. Hamerton to a patient examination of the life and career of Turner, in comparison with which Mr. Thornbury's biography of the great painter is little more than a collection of facts and incidents put together without any deep insight into the man or his work. He writes with the simplicity and transparent clearness of

one who has thoroughly thought out the matters with which he deals, and who has reached some very positive conclusions and convictions which yet he has not the least wish to force on others, unless in their turn they are convinced of their reasonableness and their truth. The result, in reference to Mr. Ruskin's criticism, is a certain amount of iconoclasm; but, if Mr. Hamerton brushes aside some fancies which have no solid ground to rest on, it may be said that he leaves Turner's true fame on a surer foundation and in a clearer light than ever. It must always be worth while to try and see every man as he is; it can never be worth while to insist on seeing him as he is not, and we may safely say that Mr. Hamerton has made it impossible for any who are not prepared to distort or to suppress facts to see Turner as in all respects the wonderful being which he appears to be in Mr. Ruskin's overwrought eulogies.

These eulogies have been reiterated with so much persistency and so much success that an unprejudiced examination of them becomes a matter of duty; and the thanks of all who prefer the truth of facts where this truth is indispensably necessary are due to Mr. Hamerton for the straightforward honesty with which he has allowed facts to speak for themselves. Mr. Ruskin seems to be hurried away by the vehement zeal of a crusader. In taking up Turner's cause he demands sympathy for him on the score of imaginary wrongs, and challenges the admiration of every one for acts of generosity for which, to say the least, it would be difficult to adduce any satisfactory evidence. Turner, it seems, had lent some money to the widow of a drawing-master, from whom, when she tendered it, he refused to receive repayment, bidding her keep the money and to send her children to school and to church. "He said this in bitterness," remarks Mr. Ruskin, who tells the tale; "he had himself been sent to neither." But, in fact, Turner had been at schools in Brentford, in London, and in Margate. The time which he spent in these schools was not less than three years, and when he left the Margate school he was fully thirteen years of

age. It is in a high degree unlikely that the masters of these schools would fail to take their pupils to some place of worship, however poor may have been the results of their discipline and instruction in the case of a boy so singularly gifted in some directions and so strangely dull in others as was Turner. He was seemingly incapable of learning any language except his own, and even English he could scarcely either write or speak. But having thus visited the sins or failings of the pupil on his teachers, Mr. Ruskin pleads for him as a victim of general unkindness, injustice, and even cruelty, in words so remarkable that, with Mr. Hamerton, we feel bound to quote them.

Imagine [says Mr. Ruskin to his hearers at Edinburgh] what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy until he felt himself sinking into his grave. From the time he knew his true greatness all the world was turned against him; he held his own, but it would not be without roughness of bearing and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and everyone cried out against him. Imagine, any of you, the effect on your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you was raised year after year through all your lives only in condemnation of your efforts and denial of your success.

This outburst of purely rhetorical indignation is, in effect, the assertion that Turner experienced nothing but neglect and obloquy until, towards the end of his life, Mr. Ruskin came forward as his champion. It is, however, in the very teeth of the facts. Many years before Turner's death, Mr. Hamerton remarks, Sir Robert Peel and others subscribed a sum of 5,000*l.* for the purpose of buying two of his pictures for the National Gallery, but the painter refused to part with the pictures selected. Some years before this great compliment was paid to him Lockhart had spoken of him as the first of all living landscape painters, and Walter Scott himself, not entirely agreeing with the popular taste, had described him as being all the fashion. But in truth his

whole career had been marked by a singularly steady and sustained success. His reputation since his death is certainly greater than that to which he attained in his lifetime; but this may be said of almost all great men in any art or any calling. At an age when most boys are at school his drawings were admitted into the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; nay, if Mr. Hamerton be right in saying that his first picture was exhibited in 1787, when he was twelve years old, Turner must still have been a schoolboy himself when the way to fame and prosperity as a painter was thus opened before him. Twelve years later, when he was only twenty-four, he was elected an associate of the Academy, and he was a full Academician at twenty-seven. These distinctions were not bestowed for any brilliant displays of precocious genius. The development of Turner's powers within his own province was slow, and beyond it he can scarcely be said to have had any powers at all; but he was indefatigably industrious, his touch was astonishingly exact and firm, his rapidity of execution marvellous, his sense of light and shade as strong as it was delicate, and all these qualities had recommended his work as especially suited for reproduction in engravings, thus laying surely the foundations of the great pecuniary success, which he might, had he chosen, have made vastly greater. Far from languishing in hopeless neglect or obscurity, Turner might, indeed, with more truth, be regarded as a special favorite of fortune, happy in the time and the place of his birth, happy in the circumstances which gradually unfolded his powers by gradually enlarging the area for their exercise, happy in the wonderful vigor of his bodily constitution and in the sober and steady habits which reduced even real hardships to matters of thorough insignificance, and not less happy in his special calling from the very depth of incapacity which he betrayed for attaining the least success in any other. In his own province there was nothing which he shrank from taking in hand, and on whatever he undertook he invariably put out his full power. He could pass from the delineation of the

grandest mountain forms to that of a dwelling-house or of a farmyard with its pigs and its poultry, and this uniformly careful and conscientious work obtained for him the confidence of all who entrusted him with commissions. His progress may not have been astonishingly rapid, but it was never interrupted. He had scarcely passed the threshold of manhood before he made himself so far independent as to be able to carry out his own theories without heeding the criticisms of a public whom he regarded as incapable of judging them, and long before he reached middle life he had amassed a fortune which, for a man with an almost savage simplicity of habits, was vast wealth. To a great extent, therefore, he could educate the public whose criticism he despised, and live the singularly enviable life of a painter who has nothing to hinder him from cultivating with perfect freedom a genius within its own circuit transcendent.

But when Mr. Ruskin, on the strength of this undoubted genius, speaks of Turner as the noblest intellect of his time, he opens a question to which it is of real importance that we should have the proper and true answer. Turner's pictures might display an exquisitely delicate perception of the subtlest gradations in form and color. They might furnish images of absolute repose such as no other painter had perhaps ever conceived, or of savage grandeur such as the Poussins could never have surpassed; they might exhibit the working of thoughts involving certain reflections on the order and conditions of society or on the general government of the world. But are we to infer from this that he was a poet, a philosopher, or a theologian, and as illustrious in these capacities as for his power of handling the brush and the pencil? In other words, is genius, or at all events genius such as Turner's, the exaggeration of one particular faculty, or an extraordinary development of the mental faculties generally? There seems to be no doubt, in this instance, as to the answer. He spoke little and wrote little even in English; in any other language he neither wrote nor spoke at all. He visited the most lovely and the most magnificent scenes in Europe; but his sketches are the only records of his thoughts. He kept no journal, he sent no letters to his friends, or none which contained anything more than references to passing incidents. He could not spell, and his strange ignorance of common things

might justify the conclusion that schooling had been entirely thrown away upon him, until we see that it had given him that insight into the history of his own land and of other countries, and that sense of geography, without which he might have lacked all stimulus of curiosity, and have stagnated in contented obscurity all his days. But Turner thought that he could write both in prose and in verse; and the results in both were sufficiently astonishing. He could discourse on art and ethics after the following wonderful fashion:—

They wrong virtue, enduring difficulties or worth in the bare imitation of nature, all offers received in the same brain; but where these attempts rise above mediocrity it would surely not be a little sacrifice to those who perceive the value of the success to foster it by terms as cordial that cannot look so easy a way as those spoken of convey doubts to the expecting individual. For as the line that unites the beautiful to grace, and these offerings forming a new style, not that soul can guess as ethics. Teach them of both; but many serve the body and the soul, and but presume more as the beacon to the headland, which would be a warning to the danger of mannerism and to the disgusting.

It is, of course, impossible to attach the faintest meaning to this bundle of sentences, or to any part of them; but even when we can follow the general drift of his ideas, the construction, or rather the disorder and confusion, of his sentences, is amazing. Of such half-intelligible utterances Mr. Hamerton gives the following specimen. Turner is speaking of reflections in water, and he says:—

Reflexions not only appear darker, but larger than the object which occasions them, and if the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects, and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator; but in receding lines as well as objects, rules seem to lose their power, and those guides that enable us to find some cause for near objects lose their power or become enfeebled by contraction in remote ones. It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of the water; but these axioms I dissent from. It is true that by placing the eye equal to the water, it comes up to the rules laid down; but when the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but, according to the elevation of the spectator, becomes more or less an angle of incidence. If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms, there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules.

It may be safely said that a man who is unable to express his meaning in plain words is a man of untrained mind. In writing down the first sentence of this passage, Turner probably did not intend to make a statement which, put as a universal, is manifestly not true. Reflexions are not always either larger or darker than the objects from which they are thrown; and no one knew this better than Turner himself. But in spite of this he speaks of contingent facts as if they depended on rules admitting of no exceptions, and then converts into a conditional proposition a statement which ought to be unqualified. All ripples are long enough to make an angle with the eye, and so to lengthen the reflexions of upright objects: hence, after an awkward fashion, it is true to say that this effect follows on the occurrence of ripples of sufficient length, because all ripples are of sufficient length. But having written a few lines in which some meaning may be seen, Turner passes on into the regions of nonsense. He expresses his dissent from "axioms" which assert "that all appear equal from the base line of the water." What the things are which so seem equal, and whether by the base line of the water he means the exact water level, he does not tell us; but Turner was aware that, if he did mean this, and if his "all" meant "all reflexions," they were certainly equal, because to the eye which rests exactly on the water level there can be no reflexions at all. When he adds that "by placing the eye equal to the water it comes up to the rules laid down," he verges on absurdity. The fact seems to be that Turner, full of confidence in his genius as a painter, was quite unconscious of his ignorance of most things lying beyond his sphere. It was this ignorance which led him to form a false estimate of the functions of art, and made him indignant with the public generally because they failed to perceive that the painter of the "*Liber Studiorum*" wished his drawings to be regarded as sermons or prophecies, and never to be inspected except as a consecutive series. A notion so preposterous would never have entered into the head of a man who had even a faint sense of proportion. With such discernment he must have felt that the conveying of direct moral reproof or warning is not, and cannot be, the object of art, and, as Mr. Hamerton puts it, that the lessons which he intended to convey by his pictures "might be much better expressed in a few words of written English

than by any quantity of landscape design."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Ruskin should have been led away by Turner's conceits into a parading of the deep moral lessons to be derived from sketches of almost unrivalled beauty and strength, and into something like a justification of the contemptuous anger with which the painter is said to have treated the efforts of those who wished to get copies of some particular subject as more beautiful than the rest. The remark of Turner, that there could be no use in them but together, merely betrayed his lack of education: in Mr. Ruskin this misconception of the purpose of art is not so easily excused. But Turner's ambition, never subjected to any checks or restraints, tempted him into flights of poetry, remarkable for the huge incapacity for improvement of which they furnish the most ample and melancholy evidence. Singing the praises of the men employed in the preventive service, Turner could string together such pitiable doggerel as the following:—

To guard the coast their duty, not delude
By promises as little heeded as they're good;
When strictly followed, give a conscious
peace—

And ask at the eve of life a just release.
But idleness, the bane of every country's weal,
Equally enervates the soldier and his steel.

The task of laying bare the weaknesses of a great genius is not an agreeable one, but it must often be undertaken in the interests of truth, and the duty of so doing becomes paramount when the false impressions left by unguarded and excessive eulogies are likely to be especially mischievous. Illusions are seldom beneficial; here they can only lead us to false conceptions of the painter's character and of the life which made him what he was. Mr. Hamerton gives some other specimens from the abundant quarry of Turner's verse; but although the painter may here and there blunder into a line which would not disgrace a stupid schoolboy, they all point to the conclusion that his powers were singularly weak, except on his own special ground. Here, it is true, they raised him into a new world, into which many are as unable to follow him as he was to express himself intelligibly in words. But the same may be said of great musicians, and of the witchery over which they have supreme command. There is in their strains, as Cardinal Newman told his hearers years ago at

Oxford, something which we can neither compass nor utter, although mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise gifted above his fellows, has the power of eliciting them. So, beyond doubt, it is with Turner. His works, as we look on them, can scarcely fail to excite those strange yearnings for distant ideals which the old Hebrew prophet embodied in the promise, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty, and behold the land that is very far off;" nor can we venture to deny that such yearnings gave birth to the visions of loveliness or grandeur which he seemed to breathe out, mysteriously and without effort, upon his paper or his canvases. But without his brush or pencil the great painter was as weak as Samson with his locks shorn; and if his career proves anything, it proves, in Mr. Hamerton's words, that artistic genius is a special faculty only.

The story of this strange career is soon told, and Mr. Hamerton has wisely given it with great simplicity. In some of its aspects it is by no means inviting. If in his earlier years he might have been modelled after the common type of men, and trained into the ways and habits of ordinary life, the chance seemed to be irretrievably lost almost before he had passed the threshold of manhood. Disappointment in love, we are told, made him abandon definitely all thoughts of marriage, and thenceforward he lived two lives which had apparently little in common. The one was the life of his art, a life of exquisite refinement, of the widest range, of the most perfect sensibility, and the keenest powers of insight and imagination; and it was a life which he passed in the most absolute solitude. The other was the coarse and boorish life in which he found such enjoyments as commend themselves to the lower appetites of humanity. In the one he was a poet, worthy, in Mr. Hamerton's judgment, to be compared closely with Dante and Shelley; in the other he exhibited, as Mr. Hamerton tersely and trenchantly puts it, "a nature which was something between those of a common sailor and a costermonger," and in which external rudeness was combined with a desire for low pleasure and a passion for small gains. So astonishing is the contrast, and so completely distinct are the two currents of his existence, that the picture of such a character might in fiction be well pronounced incredible. But the fact of the contrast is indisputable; and with it we might take into account the towering ambition which made

the mind of Turner so fertile in bold and even daring schemes for creating and establishing his fame. From the first he had been an unwearied and ready workman. No task seemed above him from its difficulty, none beneath him from its meanness. He went through the land on foot, doing the work with which he was charged, and laying up a vast mass of notes on which his imagination fed itself after his return to his town abode. While he was still scarcely more than a youth, he had visited and sketched many of our most important cities and buildings; he had filled his mind with a wealth of impressions derived from all the various kinds of scenery to be found in England and Wales, from our hills and streams, our heaths and moors, our coasts and harbors. From the first his works furnished occupation for the engravers, and Turner soon discovered the power of the instrument of which he thus acquired command. A few more years passed away, leaving him more and more independent in means, and more bent on measuring himself against painters with whom the mere thought of rivalry might seem unpardonable presumption. At the age of thirty-three he determined to enter the lists with Claude, whose "*Liber Veritatis*" was to be outdone by his own "*Liber Studiorum*." The conditions of the contest were perhaps not altogether fair. On the one side was a living painter, capable of choosing the subjects in which he was to show himself superior to Claude; on the other, in Mr. Hamerton's words, was "a dead man, who had no idea that there was ever to be a contest at all, and had done his work for his private satisfaction." The six divisions under which Turner arranged the plates in his book of studies prove how thoroughly he was aware of the wide range of his powers, while the separate heads, "Pastoral" and "Elegant Pastoral," betrayed his inability to grasp the principles of true classification. Turner, as we have already remarked, insisted that the plates formed a complete and coherent whole, and was deeply offended with all who treated them as separate compositions, and yet the divisions of his work prove little more than the presence of this intention, for the titles do not always correspond to their contents. Purely mythical subjects, such as the "Jason" and the "Procris and Cephalus," are included under the head of history, while the castles of Norham and Raglan appear respectively in the classes pastoral and Elegant

Pastoral. But, whatever may have been the faults or the pretentiousness of his classifications, the drawings themselves were never undervalued, although they may not have led all who admitted and took delight in their power, beauty, and variety, to Mr. Ruskin's conclusion that Turner was the only man who had ever given "an entire transcript of the whole system of nature," and was therefore "the only perfect landscape-painter whom the world has ever seen." It was not, however, in the power of Turner more than in that of any one else to perform impossibilities; and the complete transcript of the infinite phenomena of nature is, as Mr. Hamerton has well remarked, a task altogether beyond the highest genius of finite man. But even such praise as this failed to satisfy the painter; and it failed to do so probably because he was conscious of its exaggeration. He despised the opinion of critics who were not technically artists; but no one was ever more keenly anxious to adopt every device which might keep his name before them. Among these devices, that of rivalry with Claude seems to have taken a peculiar hold on his mind. In the number of the pictures which he had resolved on bequeathing to the nation were "The Building of Carthage" and "The Sun Rising in Mist." The former was one of those artificial compositions with classical architecture in which even Mr. Ruskin confesses himself unable to see any special merit. It has suffered already from the experiments which Turner was constantly making in the use of his pigments, and the sky in particular is growing more heavy and opaque; but the picture is still striking and impressive, and the great tree which reposes against the burning heaven, with its vast shadow thrown across the underwood and the buildings beneath it, is magnificent. "The Sun Rising in Mist" is a picture far more worthy of Turner's genius. It is what it professes to be. The sun, still veiled in the vapors of the lower air, is flushing the clouds which tower above it, and lighting with reflected splendor the tranquil sea on which float mighty warships and the busy and bustling fishing-smacks, while the beach is enlivened by groups of fishermen engaged in sorting the fish, which furnish points of wonderful color for the foreground. By the directions of his will these two pictures are hung between the two paintings of Claude known as "The Seaport" and "The Mill." Probably neither of these pictures displays the vast

power and the wide range of conception exhibited by his more modern antagonist; but the former is as light, sparkling, and transparent, as "The Building of Carthage" is heavy, hot, and oppressive; and between the latter and the picture which stands beside it no comparison is even possible. The one is in mist, the other in clear daylight. The one is a sea-piece, the other an extensive Italian landscape with groups of trees. "There is not a tree in the Turner," adds Mr. Hamerton, "there is not a sail in the Claude. Turner has painted fog, Claude a clear atmosphere. The sun is in Turner's picture, and it is out of Claude's. So we have to compare sails with trees, and the sea with an inland landscape, and the sun with a summer cloud, and a mill with a man-of-war. May the critics of future generations get much benefit by these comparisons!"

It would be more important, if it were only possible, to determine the place which should be assigned to Turner among the painters of England and Europe, and to ascertain the means by which his reputation has been achieved. On neither point has Mr. Ruskin any hesitation in expressing his judgment. Within the whole circle of art Turner is absolutely without a peer. "We have had," he says, "living with us, and painting for us, the greatest painter of all time, a man with whose supremacy of power no intellect of past ages can be put in comparison for a moment." Turner may not, indeed, have done everything, but all that he has done is the best that has ever been done. "In all that he says we believe; in all that he does we trust. It is therefore that we pray him to utter nothing lightly, to do nothing regardlessly. He stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God and forward over the generations of men." If this pre-eminence was won as Mr. Ruskin says that it was won, no one could venture to say that it was undeserved. According to him it was assured not by the beauty, the grace, the tenderness, or the force of his work, but notably by its truthfulness. There was, it is true, nothing feeble, or random, or haphazard, in his touch or his treatment; but this decision, we are told, came chiefly of his truthfulness. "It was because he meant always to be true that he was able always to be bold; and you will find that you may gain his courage if you will maintain his fidelity." As to the meaning of these words Mr. Ruskin leaves us in no doubt.

Turner was truthful in the sense in which the painters of the so-called pre-Raphaelite school are truthful; nay, he was the true founder of the school as well as its head. The great principle of this school was, in the words of Mr. Ruskin himself, absolute truth "obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only." It follows, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, that "accurate portraiture of objects was a leading pre-Raphaelite principle." It is, therefore, of the first importance to ascertain whether this accurate portraiture of objects was recognized as a duty either by the theory or in the practice of Turner.

A large part of Mr. Hamerton's biography is occupied, directly or indirectly, with the discussion of this question, and the mode in which he has treated it constitutes perhaps the greatest merit of his volume. If the pre-Raphaelite canon be true, and if it was a canon laid down by Turner himself, he must stand or fall by his own words, and the only means of testing him is by a comparison of some of his works with the scenes which they profess to represent. It is, of course, possible that the titles of some of his sketches and drawings may have been affixed to them by others without his knowledge or his sanction; but there remains still a vast multitude of pictures for which no such plea can be urged. The well-known drawing of Heidelberg, the foreground of which is filled with holiday-making students in fancy garb, is meant to be a drawing of Heidelberg; but the point to be determined is whether those who have never seen Heidelberg could obtain a right impression of it from the picture. It is simply impossible that they should do so. The effects of cloud and mist are probably such as, with the very moderate height of the hills, would be seen once or twice only in a generation; and although enfolding vapors may exaggerate the size of the hills round which they wrap themselves, the exaggeration could never go to the lengths here depicted. But the whole effect of the drawing depends on the luminous effulgence of the bridge, an effulgence which could be reflected only from unrippled and absolutely tranquil waters. Turner accordingly resorts to every device for imparting to the Neckar this character of profound repose. A groom has ridden on one horse and led another almost into the mid-stream; women are washing linen, some at a distance of many feet or many

yards from the shore; and the mighty castle is reflected in water which scarcely betrays the fact that it is moving at all. It is enough to say that all these devices are plain violations of fact. Of the fantastic attire of the students we need take no notice, although such a display would probably be not less astonishing on the banks of the Neckar than on those of the Thames; but the painting of the river in this drawing must be always and wholly false. The groom could never reach the spot where his horses are quietly standing; the washerwomen would be beyond their depth, or rather would be swept away by the current before they could get out of their depth; and the hurrying water could never delight the eye with the reflections which give to the drawing its crowning charm. The place, as a whole, is not Heidelberg. Those who have not seen it will learn little about it from Turner's marvellously beautiful but wondrously untruthful sketch, and those who go thither in the hope that they too may come in for a like feast of beauty must be woefully disappointed, and be tempted to vent their wrath in plain-spoken comments on the untrustworthiness of their guide.

The "Heidelberg" is a late drawing, but Mr. Hamerton devotes a chapter of his biography to the careful examination of a study of Kilchurn Castle made in 1801. His criticism is searching and exhaustive, and it should win for him the gratitude of all for whom truth is more precious than any form of hero-worship. He has rightly chosen this subject, because his intimate local knowledge enables him to speak decisively with regard to all the features of the real place, and to compare them with the sketch of the painter.

There is no scene in Europe more familiar to me than the head of Loch Awe, where Kilchurn Castle is situated. I have lived there for years, and know the topography of the place quite thoroughly, with that minuteness which is possible only to a resident who takes the keenest interest in the neighborhood where he lives, and makes landscape-painting his main occupation, and walking and boating his amusements. This close intimacy with the place permits me to appreciate the exact degree in which Turner's topography is a deviation from the topography of the actual world; and the reader will perhaps think it not too great a demand upon his patience if I make the difference as clear as I can in this instance, for it is of the very utmost importance to our understanding of Turner's mature work, occurring as it does quite early in his manhood,

and fixing the date of his emancipation from reality.

This arraignment is certainly severe and serious, and virtually it falls little short of a charge which should speak of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson as bearing a closer resemblance to Warren Hastings, if it resembled any one at all. Nor must it be forgotten that this charge is not directed against that nameless grace and dignity which the true painter may discern in objects before him, although they may be hidden from common eyes. Reynolds's portrait of Johnson must impress all who look on it, and although they may feel that the genius of a great artist has been at work upon it, the picture is yet in complete harmony with all that we know of the man, and even with the rougher likenesses drawn by other hands. "The Parish Clerk" of Gainsborough may perhaps be idealized; and most assuredly it would not be given to every one to see all that Gainsborough saw in a man who might be regarded by his neighbors as commonplace enough. But in all likelihood these neighbors would have recognized the likeness at once, although they might have failed to see much more in the picture than they saw in the living man. In either case the value of the painting, if set forth as a likeness of Dr. Johnson or of a parish clerk, would in great measure depend on its fidelity to the objects portrayed, and a feeling of resentment might be excused if we were told or if we discovered that the so-called portrait of Johnson was not a portrait of Johnson at all. It might perhaps be hard to determine at what point precisely deviation from the truth of features would deprive it of its title to be called a likeness of the man in question. The painter would be fully justified in seizing and fixing upon his canvas the highest expression of which his subject was capable; but he would not be justified in changing all its outlines and tampering with its general character. Mr. Hamerton follows up this subject by an elaborate criticism of Turner's "Kilchurn Castle," which is certainly *not* the castle we all know on the banks of Loch Awe, but in these details it is needless to follow him.

It is quite possible that the scene in his picture may be altogether more impressive and magnificent than any which can strike the spectator's eye on the shores of Loch Awe or the banks of the Orca; but it is beyond dispute that, as the supposed portraiture of a real place, it can

have no value whatever for those who care for that place. If it be said that the painter cannot be expected to work for such persons, we enter on a question on which the future history of art may in great measure or even wholly depend; but, without going into it for the present, we cannot resist Mr. Hamerton's conclusion that "the feelings of attachment to locality, which are often so inextricably mingled with our admiration for natural beauty, are hurt and wounded by Turner's indifference to everything that we know and love." Nor is it less true that the charge thus brought against Turner does not apply to works of other painters, which are yet full of beauty, although they may not perhaps be put into comparison with the handiwork of Turner. We think, however, that Mr. Hamerton has somewhat exaggerated this charge. Turner was inaccurate when his object was to make a picture with a peculiar effect; but he could be accurate enough when he chose. Few of his large oil-pictures were painted on the spot they represent; but to take one which undoubtedly was so painted, the "Rome from Mount Aventine," lately in the Novar collection, nothing can be more precise and topographical. It is possible to trace in that canvas almost any street and building of note in Rome. It was wholly executed on the spot, and Turner sought to make it faithful.

When he departed from local truthfulness Turner generally had a purpose sufficiently justifying his audacious license, and this purpose we must presently consider. But undoubtedly from a very early stage in his career he regarded local fidelity as a thing worth nothing in comparison with certain other things at which he strenuously aimed. Nor can it be urged as an extenuating plea that he set aside topographical exactness for scientific accuracy of another sort. With incisive impartiality Mr. Hamerton asserts that Turner "never hesitated to become utterly unscientific when his artistic instincts suggested that kind of unfaithfulness." He dispensed at will with geological truth and with the rules of perspective. The lines of his buildings are seldom accurate, and sometimes, as in the drawing of St. Julian's at Tours, impossible. His light and shade, though almost always beautiful, are generally arbitrary. His shadows are frequently untrue, and in many instances are out of all agreement with the position of the sun in his picture. He is as free—in other

words, as inexact—in dealing with his foreground forms as with those in his distances. He will interpose between himself and near objects effects of atmospheric distance which perhaps no other eye than his ever beheld, but of which, in spite of all misgivings as to their truth, it is impossible not to acknowledge the charm.

In the same year in which Turner produced his "Building of Carthage" he also painted a picture which some have ranked among his greatest works. "Crossing the Brook" is, for many reasons, remarkable, but it is so chiefly as marking the point at which Turner entered into a new world with the consciousness that he possessed powers capable of winning in it a series of splendid victories. This picture exhibits both the excellences and the defects of his genius. It is literally bathed in light, but in comparison with later works it is almost in monotone of color. So wonderful indeed is its transparency, so touching the beauty of its sky and its distance, that the spectator may perhaps be at a loss to know why the feelings which it awakens in him are not those of unmixed satisfaction. There is abundant evidence of decision from one end of the work to the other; but in one part of it this decision has involved a sacrifice of truth which must mar the enjoyment of many who would far rather dwell on its beauties than on its flaws. There is vast strength in the drawing of the trees on the left-hand side; but the forms of the two which rise above the rest with their trunks close to each other are ungraceful, awkward, we feel tempted to say impossible. If they are redeemed from positive ugliness, it is by the adoption of an artifice suggested by the practice of Claude, an artifice which exaggerates the distance between near objects, as between the nearer and further branches of a tree. This device may be seen in a vast number of his pictures. It is pushed to its furthest extent in the great stone pine which towers up on the right-hand side in "The Golden Bough;" it is seen in its most attractive form in the splendid group which throws out the glories of his evening sky in the Bay of Baiæ. But in "Crossing the Brook" it fails to conquer the feeling of repulsion caused by the stiffness, or, to speak plainly, the untruthfulness, of the tree-forms. We are not surprised when Mr. Hamerton tells us that these trees were painted from a slight pencil sketch, nor can we doubt that in point of accuracy the pencil sketch might

be compared to his drawing of Kilchurn. Twelve years before this picture was painted Turner could scarcely be called a colorist. There were patches of color in his drawings, and that was all. In "Crossing the Brook" the coloring is still subdued, but there is color in every part of it, and more particularly there is that astonishing depth of atmosphere which makes the eye reel as if we were looking down from a mountain summit over a vast and varied distance. From the higher ground on which the painter stands there stretches an almost boundless landscape, until at length the hills slope down to Plymouth Sound and the gray sea far off. It is perhaps strictly true that such distance had never been painted before; and Turner was fully aware of the fact.

On this picture Mr. Hamerton lays stress, as marking the transition from his earlier style to that of his maturity. It may be instructive to compare it with a later work, of which Mr. Hamerton's estimate is perhaps too partial. The "Phryne going to the Baths as Venus" is a picture of amazing elaborateness and delicacy, sparkling with the dazzling light of the pure Hellenic atmosphere, which transforms even the uncouth groups huddled together on the road into the graceful shapes which move in stately procession in the drama of Euripides—

*ἀεὶ δὲ λαμπροῦτον
βαίνοντες ὁρώς αἰθέρος.*

This painting is, in Mr. Hamerton's judgment, a magnificent instance of Turner's treatment of trees when his art was fully developed.

I well remember [he says] how the combined grace and energy of the branch drawing in this picture seemed to me, before I knew the forest of Fontainebleau, an idealization of sylvan beauty beyond the possibilities of nature; and how, when I came almost directly from Fontainebleau to the National Gallery, I found in the picture the power, the freedom, the elegance which astonish us in the noblest Fontainebleau trees, and give the visitor to that wonderful place an entirely new conception of what sylvan magnificence may be. It is useless to expatiate further upon the subject, for no conception of the trees in the "Phryne" can be given without illustration, and even that, on a reduced scale, would be inadequate, as the picture itself is more than six feet high, and drawn with such delicate modulation in all its curves that every inch of it is a study. Again, the most subtle etching or engraving would fail to render adequately the play of light in the foliage and among the

branches, not to speak of the elaborate distances, which are as full of material as they can be. The "Phryne" is certainly one of the very greatest pictures of Turner's full maturity. It was first exhibited in 1838, and shows signs of over-ripeness in the figures more than in anything else.

This eulogy is surely exaggerated, unless, indeed, Mr. Hamerton, when he speaks of the magnificent treatment of the trees in this painting, is thinking chiefly of those which are clustered in the gardens beneath the more prominent groups in front. There are exquisite grace and lightness in the palm-trees, across whose branches falls the line of luminous shadow which makes the foliage above it quiver with splendor. The blending of the more distant vegetation with the glistening marbles of the baths on the left hand, and the more sombre mass of buildings in the middle and on the right hand of the picture, is beyond all praise. Nor could the beauty of the white light, dazzling yet not oppressive, which is shed over hill and dale and the wide expanse of the lustrous lake which sleeps beneath, be well exceeded by the workmanship of any mortal hand. But we can scarcely suppose that Mr. Hamerton means his words to apply to the pines which tower into the heaven on the left hand, or to the more confused group of trees on the extreme right. The shapes assumed by the former are as strange as any which Turner ever put upon canvas or paper; those of the latter, although bathed in the most exquisite tints, are flat, thin, and poor. The curves of many of the branches of the largest tree are impossible; and from head to foot the tree conveys only the impression of disease. These pines are, in fact, a reproduction, with all their faults intensified, of the pines in the "Crossing the Brook." For some time the two pictures were hung near each other; and the correspondence between them came out very forcibly. The conclusion is forced upon us that the earlier painting which marked the transition from his opaque to his luminous coloring was present to his mind in every part of his "Phryne." The plan of both the drawings is the same. In each there are the lonely pines to the left, and the closer thickets to the right, while the hills and valleys below, rich with a lavish wealth of vegetation, slope down towards an expanse of tranquil water in the distance. The likeness may be traced out in points of minute detail; but probably of those who have taken the trouble to make care-

ful copies of both pictures none will hesitate to admit that the "Phryne" is a transcript of "Crossing the Brook" in the richest language of his later years.

The exhibition of the "Phryne" in 1838 was followed in the next year by that of the "Old Téméraire." The artist's deliberate defiance or rejection of the truth of facts is shown here by the impossible light thrown on the ships, the sun and moon being where they are; but his purpose was to shed an unearthly lustre on the doomed vessel which is being tugged to its last berth, and in this his disregard of accuracy has enabled him to achieve a complete success. The subject is a melancholy one, and Turner felt it to be so. Whether he had any forebodings of the great revolution which has made the stately fabrics of our old war-ships of Nelson's age things of a past already receding into distance, we cannot say; but we owe a debt of gratitude to the illustrious painter who has preserved for us in all their beauty forms which in material reality will to coming generations be unknown. The picture is indeed a splendid poem, in which the glory of the old ship blends indescribably with the glory of a sun setting in the most gorgeous and yet sombre pomp. "It sets," Mr. Hamerton remarks, "in red, and the red, by the artist's craft, is made at the same time both decided in hue and luminous — always a great technical difficulty." The task was rendered easier, perhaps, by the device of making the sun itself white, although the sight of a lustreless orb kindling the upper heaven into such conflagration as this, would be, to say the least, most rare. This great work marks, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the close of "the period of Turner's central power," as ten years earlier the "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" had marked its beginning. During this time his imagination, working on the wealth of memoranda which he had brought together, had luxuriated in its exuberant and inexhaustible fertility; and the sum total of his merits was seen to be vast indeed in comparison with his defects, even though these might be set down without extenuation. Of the worthlessness of his drawings as accurate representations of actual scenes, enough has been said already. Turner, after emancipating himself from the typographical swathing-bands of his earlier years, ceased to be exact in anything; and least of all was his method in harmony with that of the pre-Raphaelite school, of which Mr. Ruskin would

make him the founder. "The pre-Raphaelite landscape," in Mr. Hamerton's words, "is full of truthful object portraiture: hundreds of different objects are portrayed side by side as accurately as the artist could achieve it by the closest observation on the spot; in the Turnerian landscapes you cannot find a single accurate portrait of any hill, or tree, or building under heaven." It is well to open our eyes at once to the fact that the duty of furnishing such portraiture formed no part of Turner's mission as it was conceived by himself; and yet he had a mission to discharge as important and lofty as any with which the painters of any age or country had ever been entrusted. His interpretation of distance left that of all other masters far behind. Nor was it in this alone that he achieved an unquestioned pre-eminence. No one ever has treated all natural forms so tenderly without losing force and breadth; no one has possessed a sense of gradation so exquisitely subtle and truthful. His paintings may not be scientifically accurate, but that they have the power of conveying the most profound impressions is proved beyond doubt by the following incidents recorded by Mr. Hamerton:—

Some years ago several eminent French etchers came over to London for the purpose of executing plates from pictures in the National Gallery. They were all men of considerable experience in art, perfectly familiar with the old masters, and with as much modern art as may be seen in Paris; some of them were painters as well as etchers, and therefore practically acquainted with the use of oil-color. Thus prepared, and eager to make acquaintance with our national collection, they went to Trafalgar Square. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect which the Turner pictures produced on their minds. It was not mere critical approbation, not merely the respectful attention usually given to a great master: it was the passionate enthusiasm with which highly educated and very sensitive persons acknowledge a new, strange, irresistible influence in the fine arts. . . . All these Frenchmen, whatever had been their previous speciality in art—whether they had been etchers of the figure, or of architecture, or of landscape—asked to be employed in the interpretation of Turner; and the pictures which they most desired to etch were not those of what has been considered his sober and sane and orthodox time, but such things as those later Venices and those daring experiments in light and color which have so often been spoken of as little better than the freaks of a gifted madman. Here then is evidence, if all other evidence were wanting, that these pictures have the one great power of all genuine works of art,

as distinguished from simple imitations of nature—the power which excites and arouses the artistic susceptibilities.

The experiments here spoken of had been carried on with more or less audacity from the time when he first broke the bonds of the traditional methods in which he had been trained. His experiments, unlike those of Rembrandt, with which we have recently dealt,* were extended beyond arrangements of light and shade to the pigments by which his effects were produced. In the choice and employment of his colors he was absolutely fearless. Whenever he thought "that a streak of vermilion or a blot of cobalt would help the brilliance of his drawing, then he set it there," Mr. Hamerton remarks, "as a jeweller sets a red stone on a blue one." Of his experiments with materials no technical account can be given. No one ever saw him at work, nor was any one ever willingly admitted into his studio; but his pictures furnish sufficient proof that there was no new-fangled chemical which Turner would hesitate to employ, while the rapid decay of many of his most important works proves how little he cared to ascertain whether they could or could not be used with safety. He would mingle oil and water color together in the same work, and the delicate rigging of a ship might disappear by the touch of a moist finger on the canvas. But it is clear that Turner could never have attained either his reputation or his great wealth, had not his works exhibited merits which vastly counterbalanced their defects. No one could have pointed out more dispassionately than Mr. Hamerton the failure of Turner, however it might be caused, in producing faithful portraiture of actual scenes; no one could acknowledge more cordially that the drawings, so unvarnished and so untrustworthy from that point of view, were full of profound truth from another. It was so with the sketch of Kilchurn which he has minutely and severely criticised. The artist's real purpose, Mr. Hamerton frankly admits, was not Kilchurn, but the play of clouds round a mountain crest.

The mountain is any mountain you please; it resembles Ben Lomond nearly as much as Ben Cruachan. The castle is any castle you please; it resembles Ardhonnell more closely than Kilchurn, though Turner probably never saw Ardhonnell. The clouds play about the granite peak, a shower falling here from their trailing fringes, a sunbeam flashing there on

* LIVING AGE, No. 1838, p. 579.

the toppling silvery billows which are their ever-changing summits, a level wreath of white vapor clinging in the shelter of the peak itself, great volumes rolling and surging in the abyss of the deep corrie; and on the steep stony sides of the mountain the purple shadows fall, vast and swift, veiling each of them its hundred acres of desolation. What has all this to do with the presence or the absence of tower or turret in the dismantled ruin below? Who thinks of man's work when he witnesses the majesty of the storms on the everlasting mountains? The clouds played so for unnumbered centuries before the little feudal fortress was built, and they will play just as merrily when every vestige of it shall have utterly disappeared.

For the realization of this kind of truth, a truth independent of all local forms and features, and of all modifications of these forms by human handiwork, Turner deliberately and systematically sacrificed everything. It was not that he had any absorbing desire to make the desert his dwelling-place and to shut out the thought of man, his doings, and his toils, for it is abundantly clear that the chief value of landscape in his eyes lay in its human interests, and that he never loses sight of these interests when it is possible to retain them. He may furnish a series of drawings which profess to illustrate the rivers of France; but they are found to relate only to two rivers, and they are very far from illustrating their course or even the types of scenery to be met with along their banks. His drawings are chiefly of towns and buildings; but even these are not given as they would be by one who was familiar with them from the rivers out of which they seem to grow, and apart from which their peculiar charm can never be felt. They are not even drawn as they might be drawn by one who could rely on a vigorous and faithful memory. That Turner's misrepresentations of buildings are as glaring as his departures from local natural features, must be plain to any one who will examine his sketches of Rouen, Paris, Blois, or Amboise. These deviations are so constant that we can scarcely ascribe them to a defect of memory; and although his wonderfully elaborate drawing of the west front of Rouen Cathedral is not altogether accurate, and leaves an impression which few would obtain from the sight of the real structure, it yet proves that he was able to give with sufficient fidelity a mass of details which, if not put down at once upon paper, must soon have been confused or forgotten. Mr. Hamerton, we do not doubt, is right in his belief

that Turner was too imaginative to have an accurate memory, and that accuracy is compatible with the imagination only when the feelings are not concerned. From the works of Turner feeling was never absent, and therefore he was always under the temptation to represent things rather as he wished them to be than as they were. We must not, however, forget that the forms which he wished or made them to assume were in strict harmony with the general truth of nature. They were the result of the patient, careful, and affectionate observation of a lifetime. They were drawn from the treasure-house of a man whose whole soul was so thoroughly in his work that it left him in all other things a barbarian. They never failed to convey to the spectator the impression of profound truth, even when he felt most irritated at the painter's lack of fidelity to local features and coloring; and they gave evidence of the unbounded range of his perceptive powers and of his complete command of the materials brought together by this means. The result was a vast addition to our knowledge of natural phenomena, and of the conditions under which they are produced; but it fell far short of a complete transcript of nature in all its aspects. Turner discovered many truths about water which the Dutch painters never apprehended, and he made the expression of the long-drawn, confused reflexions on rippled surfaces peculiarly his own. But even in water effects he still left much to be discovered and expressed by others. "Some of the common appearances of water," Mr. Hamerton remarks, "have not been illustrated by him in any work known to me, either in the original or in an engraving; and from some of the more complex and remarkable phenomena of water surfaces he may have abstained from prudence, knowing that it was impossible the general public should understand them." Nor is this the only field in the regions of landscape art which Turner left unexhausted. His grouping and massing of timber and foliage are often magnificent; but he has nowhere illustrated the actual life of the forest and many aspects of rural beauty in which other painters have taken infinite delight. He has shrunk, it would seem, from dealing with colors and effects which determine the character of English landscape generally. "Turner, as far as I am aware," says Sir Robert Collier in his presidential address to the Devonshire Association, —

never painted a bit of positive green, such as the green of grass and meadow and some kinds of foliage, at no great distance from the eye—a beautiful color in nature, beautiful in a picture if used with discretion, and at the present time effectively employed by the best landscape-painters. Turner, with all his originality, seems never to have succeeded in completely emancipating himself from the traditions of the brown school. Nothing indicates more the indiscriminating character of Mr. Ruskin's admiration than his failing to notice this.

On the other hand he was able to follow nature as far as she chose to lead him. He could throw her atmosphere over every object in his drawings, and he could give, as she gives them, the masses of mountains which retain their solidity under half-tints of mist and vapor. He could reproduce the faint outlines, which in their very faintness indicate the forms over which she has thrown a veil. He could take up and let go these outlines, just as they are dropped and resumed in the endless distances of real landscapes, and thus guide all who looked upon the picture from point to point until they were impressed with the infinity not of the painter's power, but of the phenomena which he had striven to express on paper or canvas. In other words, he succeeded in reproducing in his pictures the mystery of nature. Before him no one had even dared to attempt the task; and it is not too much to say that in this wonderful achievement lies Turner's greatest strength, and that by it he has won himself a fame which future generations will not allow to die. In asserting for him this pre-eminence, Mr. Hamerton's language is as cordial and as strong as Mr. Ruskin himself could wish it to be; but his sense of truth compels him to add that it is the one and the only point in which Turner "really did excel the artists of all time."

Lastly, if Turner's career as a painter was marked by a course of experiments as daring as those of Rembrandt and immeasurably more varied and more fruitful, and if these experiments have already wrought much mischief in the decay of some of his finest pictures, and, it is to be feared, are destined to produce much more, it must be remembered that there is one department of Turner's work in which even to this day he is absolutely without a rival. As a painter in oils, he may be described as confused in his theories and reckless in his practice, often knowing that his pigments were not sound, and yet undeterred by the thought that pictures painted with them could

never stand. The texture of his drawings in oil is generally indifferent; and if it be compared with the rich surfaces of Titian, the difference, in Mr. Hamerton's words, is "like that between tapestry and cotton print." But in water-color his genius revelled with unbounded power. In some special points he may have been surpassed by more recent or still living painters; but not one has reached his great and varied excellence in the whole range of water-color painting. His superiority, Mr. Hamerton contends, goes so far that the art itself becomes in his hands a fresh discovery of his own.

The color in his most delicate work hardly seems to be laid on the paper by any means known to us, but suggests the idea of a vaporous deposit; and besides the indescribable excellence of those parts of Turner's water-colors which do not look as if they were painted at all, there is excellence of another kind in those parts which exhibit dexterities of execution. Nor is the strange perfection of his painting in water-color limited to landscape; his studies of still life—birds and their plumage, bits of interiors at Petworth, etc.,—are evidence enough that, had he chosen to paint objects rather than effects, he might have been as wonderful an object-painter as William Hunt was, though in a different and more elevated manner.

But the mere delineation of objects could never be more than a pastime for Turner. His decision had long since been made, and it had been made in accordance with the inner spirit which is manifested more or less in all his works, but which seemed to be so entirely absent from his outward life. This spirit was that of the poet; and it was kindled by a power of imagination such as has been vouchsafed to few poets of any age or any country. The thoughts which he could not express in words were breathed forth in color; and the vast store of observations which he had amassed with enormous and unwearied industry, and with a keenness of perception beyond that of almost all other men, became for him a treasure-house which furnished him with materials for an infinite series of dreams. The time spent among moors and mountains, on lakes and rivers and seacoast, added to this wealth of notes, and to his readiness in applying them; but it did not make him more locally exact or more scientifically truthful. His sketches were memoranda rather than drawings; and, as Mr. Hamerton well puts it, he received during his travels "a succession of landscape impressions

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which immediately transformed themselves in his brain till they became dreams, and these dreams either bore some resemblance to the places, or did not, just as it happened." Into this world of visions he could draw all who had minds to apprehend and hearts to follow him; but from it, seemingly, he could never escape himself. To quote Mr. Hamerton's words yet again: "Even the hardest realities of the external world, granite and glacier, could not awaken him; but he would sit down before them and sketch another dream, there in the very presence of the reality itself. Notwithstanding all the knowledge and all the observation which they prove, the interest of Turner's twenty thousand sketches is neither topographic nor scientific, but entirely psychological. It is the soul of Turner that fascinates the student, and not the material earth."

So the great dreamer, who had begun his course as a commonplace and prosaic topographer, withdrew into his visionary world, and living in it put forth the idealized forms which the sights of the outer world awakened in his mind. If his career has any lesson at all to teach, it must be to convince us that the relation of art to nature is not that which the disciples of the pre-Raphaelite school have taken it to be, or even that which it is supposed to be by sticklers for local exactness who stop far short of pre-Raphaelite preciseness. So far as Mr. Ruskin is concerned, the controversy seems to be settled. Although he claims for Turner the headship of this school, he yet seems to think that local fidelity may be by some means or other maintained without the preservation of any local features. Speaking of the drawing which Turner calls a sketch of San Benedetto in Venice, Mr. Ruskin tells us that its title is wrong, as the church so named is not included in the view, and then adds: "The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses; and yet, without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likeliest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Giudecca landwards at sunset—of all that I have ever seen." If this is to be taken as a general statement that a drawing may be like a place to which it has no resemblance, the great advocate of pre-Raphaelite exactness goes perhaps too far; and most critics would probably allow that much imaginative power may be shown in pictures

which exhibit sufficient fidelity of local portraiture. The question is only as to the limits beyond which this fidelity cannot be preserved; and perhaps it is impossible to define these limits precisely. So far as the painter fails to imitate the objects before him, he does so because he holds that the exact representation would impair the beauty and the value of his drawing, and the power which enables him so to deviate from the truth of facts is the power of imagination—in other words, the artistic faculty. But for the really artistic element in a work of art there is, Mr. Hamerton asserts positively, no possible criterion. We can but say how it affects ourselves, and to do this is "the last and best result of art criticism."

It would seem, then, that the theory which would make art to be the imitation of nature is tacitly or explicitly abandoned by all except the few who may still cling to the pre-Raphaelite hypothesis. If it be so, it follows that art and nature, although related, are two distinct things, and that an interpretation of nature is not and cannot be artistic until and unless it displays something which is not in nature, this something being the mind or imagination of the painter. It must be the result of his thought working on the general assemblage of objects before him; and only in extremely rare instances will he be able to express his thought without some modifications, however slight, of local features and local coloring. The extent to which this license may be carried is a matter which must be left to the decision of the painter, and ultimately to the public whose verdict will appreciate the value of his work. In Sir R. Collier's opinion, "to remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to nature." But he insists, and we think insists rightly, that much caution should be used in dealing with mountain forms, which are "usually far finer than anything the artist can conceive." This is a severe condemnation of Turner, who seems never to have cared to draw a mountain exactly after he began in 1802 to paint his dreams at Kilchurn; and it must, we think, be admitted that the condemnation is fairly called for and justified. Turner is so great that the most candid admission of his faults cannot impair the splendor of his fame. It becomes, therefore, the

more imperatively his biographer's duty to pass an unprejudiced and impartial judgment on his work; and Mr. Hamerton is entitled to our gratitude for the conscientiousness with which he has performed this task. Turner will now take his true place in the great company of illustrious painters. Those who admire him most will have to admit that if he was in one sense most truthful, he was in another most untruthful in the delineation of nature. But while they allow that for all who seek in his drawings for anything like strict local fidelity the result must be bitter disappointment, they may justly claim for him the pre-eminence due to a man whose power of impressing others was inexhaustible, and who used it throughout a long life for the purpose of teaching, cheering, and delighting them.

It will be seen from what precedes, in which we have followed the course of thought suggested by Mr. Hamerton, that this volume deals much more fully with the works of Turner than with the man himself, and we infer from this circumstance that Mr. Hamerton had no personal acquaintance with him at all. This is much to be regretted, for if his works afford abundant matter for criticism, the character and peculiarities of Turner himself are a not less interesting study. In many respects Mr. Hamerton has not done him justice. His extreme secretiveness, his want of command of language, and the contracted circle in which he lived, rendered it difficult to know Turner well; but Mr. Hamerton has entirely failed to give us a correct likeness of him. Beneath that unpromising exterior there lay a spring of great acuteness and drollery, which now and then broke out in pungent remarks. Though fond of money and parsimonious in his habits, he could be disinterested and even generous to his friends. Nor was he by any means the solitary savage he is here represented. Chantry, Jones, and Munro of Novar were his intimate friends. At Rome, Eastlake, a much younger man than himself, worked in the same studio. He gave that rising artist excellent advice, both by word of mouth and in letters which are still in existence; and continued through life to show him the strongest marks of regard. With Landseer, Constable, Stanfield, and Leslie his relations were always friendly—indeed, no man suffered less from jealousy of his brother artists. Mr. Hamerton seems to suppose that it would have been preposterous for Turner to paint a dog. We remember to have heard

Sir Edwin Landseer express the utmost admiration of the great deerhounds in the picture of the "Return of Adonis from the Chase" (painted in 1807)—a work not, we think, mentioned in this volume. Turner was assiduous in his attendance at the Royal Academy, and he was no stranger at the Athenæum Club. His conversation was absolutely confined to matters connected with his own art and his own interests. That was to be expected of a man who had never lived in general society. But within the range of his own subjects it was piquant and original. The generation in which he lived has already passed away. The number of those who have any personal recollection of this great artist is small; and the time will come when people will wonder that so little is known of so remarkable a man. His biography melts away into criticism of his works, and the real person by whom they were created is barely discernible amidst the haze and splendor of his performances. That, however, has been the fate of many of the greatest poets and artists whom the world has seen.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE "CROOKIT MEG:"

A STORY OF THE YEAR ONE.

VI.

ADAM MELDRUM was a man who could not have been bred out of Scotland. In almost every other country the common people are "illiterate:" they have no familiarity even with the literature of their own country. Many copies of the popular works published in England during the seventeenth century are still to be met with; but the books printed in Scotland at that time have been read out of existence. Since my boyhood I have made acquaintance, more or less intimate, with many of the old royal or baronial burghs that are planted along the eastern seaboard, and in each of them I have found at least one man of the artisan class who was in the best sense of the word a learned man—a man with a true instinct for, and an absolute devotion to, science or letters or philosophy. One was a watchmaker, who busked the most seductive flies, and knew every salmon cast in the river; another, who acted as letter-carrier to the community, was learned in the ecclesiastical controversies of the

early Church, and in the precise distinctions between the king *de facto* and the king *de jure*; there was a tailor who was versed in moths and butterflies, and a shoemaker who had formed an exquisite collection of the rarer seaweeds. In like manner, Adam Meldrum, who in his working hours mended old boats, was the naturalist of Peelboro', and knew by heart the plays of Shakespeare and the "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*" of Sir Thomas Browne.

This mender of old boats, with the strange fire in his eyes, was rather a puzzle to the worthies of Peelboro'. "Uncle Ned," or "Daddy Longlegs"—the "character" of a Scotch burgh has always a number of apparently irrelevant aliases: by what process of transmutation Adam Meldrum became "Uncle Ned" or "Daddy Longlegs" it is needless to conjecture—was considered mad by some, uncanny by others. The boys sometimes called him "the warlock," which, being translated, means "the male witch." If we were to call him one of the primitive saints of science—for science, as well as religion, has its saints—we might, I think, be nearer the mark. The vision and faculty divine is not the exclusive possession of the maker of rhymes. Adam loved nature as the poet loves her. His heart beat when he discovered a rare plant or a rare bird, as the lover's beats in the presence of his mistress. The earth he trod was consecrated ground, and the plants, the trees, the birds, the sea, the stars, spoke to him of an incalculable beneficence.

"There is, therefore, some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects thereon by a pencil that is invisible; whereof, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure that we do not err if we say it is the hand of God."

This, more or less formulated, was the creed at which Adam had arrived. He did not belong to any of the ecclesiastical factions which flourished in Peelboro'; he had worked out his own conclusions about life, death, and immortality; yet he had reached what, after all is said that can be said, is truly the divinest divinity. That vague something which philosophers call the *ego* had become a quite subordinate consideration with Adam. It was merged in a wider life. He was utterly unselfish.

An old comrade who had gone to the

south and died there, had left his books to Adam. One morning a parcel arrived by the London smack. It had been despatched from the metropolis three weeks before, but in the year one they thought little of three weeks. Uncle Ned valued it beyond silver and gold. To him, indeed, it was the true El Dorado. It contained the plays of Shakespeare, the works of Sir Thomas Browne, Walton's "Angler," White's "Selborne," George Edwards' "Book of Birds," and a few others, all of which were duly placed on the shelf beside the box-bed in the wall. They grew into his life as the sea and the stars had grown. They represented to him in the moral and intellectual world that high and noble order which he had already discerned in the physical.

Such a man—strange as it may sound to outsiders—was bound to be happy. His surroundings were mean and homely; he was very poor. He had none of the luxuries of life; a crust of stale bread and a cup of cold water from the spring were the dainties to which he was used. But while he was munching his dry crust he was examining with almost passionate rapture the wing-feather of some new or rare bird which he had captured. A stale crust?—or the nectar and ambrosia of the gods? What did it matter when the whole ideal volume of science on which to feast was being opened to him? To such men life is a pure flame, and they live by an invisible sun within them.

Science seeks for the unity without us, as religion seeks for the unity within us. Nothing is so hateful to science as isolation: nothing so hateful to religion. For isolation is selfishness, and selfishness at bottom is confusion and misery. Preachers have waxed pathetic upon the loneliness of a great soul; a truly great soul is never lonely. It has infinite relationships. Self ceases to be engrossing. The imperious instincts of the individual consciousness are subdued. It loses itself (as Christianity affirms) in Christ, or (as science affirms) in the immutable and unshaken order of the universe.

To Adam, as I have said, nature was simply the expression of that complainant activity of which the sea was one aspect, and the Old Testament another, and Shakespeare another, and a rare fern and the skilful mechanism of a sea-bird's wing another and another. Throughout the whole of a universe in which each part was thus clearly related to the rest, his imagination roamed with a freshness of wonder that never diminished; each dawn

and each sunset touched him with a new joy. "*Te veniente die, te descendente canebat.*" They were all incidents in the sure, silent, triumphal march of the divine order. And while such belief filled his life with an ideal rapture, it took away the sting from death. Death could only bring him a step closer—to what?—to the heart of this divine and glorious order,—the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

I fancy this is what is sometimes called transcendentalism,—well, it is the only scrap of transcendentalism that you will find in this book. But as Uncle Ned was really the ideal or transcendental element in the hard and prosaic life of the canny Peelboro' burghers, it was expedient that I should try to indicate its main characteristic. That I have now done; and for the rest it will be enough to add that this long, gaunt, bony mender of old boats was—was—(may I take the liberty, Mr. Professor?) a village H—x—y of the year one. The colorless brilliancy of the great teacher's style, the easy facility with which the drop of light forms itself into a perfect sphere as it falls from his pen, belong indeed to a consummate master of the art of expression, which Adam of course was not; but the mental lucidity, justice, and balance, as well as the reserve of power, and the Shakespearian gaiety of touch, which made the old man one of the most delightful companions in the world, were essentially H—leian.

To have asserted that the crazy bird-fancier was the one really notable man in the town would have utterly shocked the susceptibilities of Peelboro', where indeed the assertion that he was not mad as a hatter or a March hare would have been received with derision and incredulity. The doctor was perhaps the only man in the place who did him full justice; but the doctor's jests, like his sermons, went over the heads of his hearers. When he told the councillors of the burgh on an occasion of civic festivity that a baillie is made once a year, but a poet or a naturalist only once in many years, he took the precaution to veil the compliment in the obscurity of a learned language. ("*Consules fiunt quotannis, et novi proconsules. Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur.*") So no harm was done: on the contrary, the doctor's acquaintance with the tongues of antiquity was looked upon as a credit to the town.

Adam, I may add, was not a native of the burgh—he belonged to the fertile

lowlands of Moray; but he had been little more than a lad when he migrated to Buchan. The great sorrow of his life had driven him away from his own people; but of it and of them he never spoke; and he had long ago taken root upon the bleak and stormy headland where Peelboro' was built. For many years he had lived a solitary life—until "little Alister" had been thrown upon his hands,—"little Alister" now two-and-twenty years old, six feet one in his stockings, and (in spite of his six feet) in love over head and ears with Eppie Holdfast of Fontainebleau.

VII.

POOR QUEEN MARY paid but a brief and troubled visit to the country of her birth; but some of the domestics who came with her from France remained in Scotland after their mistress had sailed across the Solway. Among these was Marie Touchet, who had been body-servant to the queen, and who was married in the spring of 1566, at the palace of Holyrood, to a trusty retainer of the Earl of Erroll—one of the loyal noblemen who through good and evil report adhered to Mary. Loyalty had been a passion with the courtly and comely Hays ever since Robert the Bruce, after the disastrous eclipse of the great house of Comyn, had conferred on his tried friend the barony of Slains, which at that time included nearly the whole district that lies between the Ugie and the Ythan. It was only natural that the retainers of the great house of Erroll should be in favor at court, and thus it happened that Anthony Holdfast had been permitted to take with him to his distant home among the bleak moors of Buchan the favorite servant of the queen. Marie had been born among the leafy woodlands of Fontainebleau; and Anthony, who was desperately in love with his charming little wife, gallantly proposed that her new home should be christened or re-christened after the place where she was bred. It was a pleasant fancy enough; and Marie was duly grateful, and thanked her Scotch husband in her pretty though rather incomprehensible French-Scots very sweetly for his loving devotion to *la belle France* and to herself. Yet there was a tear in her eye, and her gay smile grew wistful and doubtful when she compared the Fontainebleau of her girlhood with the Fontainebleau to which she was welcomed. The contrast between the sunny plains and the leafy forests of the south and this gaunt farmhouse upon

the barren seaboard of the *Mare Tenobrosum* was certainly very striking. As the melodious syllables of "Fontainbleau" sound curiously out of place among "Gasks," and "Achnagatts," and "Yokies-hills," so the blythe little Frenchwoman must have felt ill at ease for a time among her novel surroundings.

The Holdfasts, though neither lords nor lairds, clung like limpets to their rocks; and thus it came about that in the year one a Mrs. Holdfast was still tenant of Fontainbleau. Her husband, Mark Holdfast, had died a month or two before his youngest daughter was born; so that for more than seventeen years Mrs. Holdfast had been a widow. She had had a numerous family; but the eldest son Mark was at least twenty years older than his sister Euphame. For after the birth of five sons in succession there had been a long break — an interval of ten years and upwards; and then Dick had come, and then a year later, Euphame or Eppie. The elder sons had all swarmed off from the family hive — some were farmers, some were sailors, some settlers in the backwoods. Mark, the eldest, was tenant of Achnagatt, the farm which "marched" with Fontainbleau; and Mark had married about the time that Eppie was born. So that Eppie and her nephews and nieces were nearly of an age, and might have been boon companions and bosom friends if Eppie had chosen. But in point of fact the relations between the two farmhouses were not particularly cordial. Young Mark and his comely wife and her comelier daughters were the simple, unpretending, honest sort of people that are to be met with in any average Buchan farmhouse; but in Eppie there was a strain of unfamiliar blood. They were soft and gentle, and perhaps rather inclined to flabbiness, physical and intellectual; she was keen, piquant, exacting. They were contented with their lot: a fitful fire burned in their veins. The Achnagatt girls were shy, timid, and undecided: the girl at Fontainbleau looked you straight in the face as a hawk looks at you without winking. Her bright black eyes might have been thought somewhat overbold in a less perfectly moulded face: but such a face disarms criticism. The Norsemen, who peopled these northern coasts, had no part in this girl. Eppie was half a Frenchwoman and half a gipsy.

This was how the estrangement between the two houses came about. Old Mrs. Holdfast had been a masterful woman. She was Euphame Keith in her

maidenhood, and the Keiths, from the great marshal down to the farmer at the Mains, were as obstinate as mules; but this latest wild-flower softened her into graciousness. The girl was the spoiled pet of her widowhood. Eppie was perfect, immaculate, without flaw or blemish of any sort. To eyes not blinded by love, this little gipsy-cat was by no means without flaw or blemish. Flawless, indeed, she would have missed her main attraction, like that kind of china which is only perfect when cracked. It would have been better for herself and for them all had she been broken in — to decorum; but then, perhaps, the wild violet, or rather the sweet-briar, flavor of her life — it is the sweet briar and not the sweet violet which scents the garden at Fontainbleau — might have evaporated; and this history might not have been written. For though mine is a novel without a heroine (as "Vanity Fair" was a novel without a hero), I need not affect to disguise that the only maid to whom I mean to offer you even a casual introduction, who could have played the part had I decided to fill it, is Eppie Holdfast. But I have no heroine — or at most one only — that tight little craft, the "Crookit Meg."

Mark, as I have said, was a plain man, — plain in manner and plain in speech, if not in person. His affections were deep though by no means effusive; and he had a specially warm place in his heart for his mother, and for Eppie too. But he felt that a character with some very curious and unaccountable traits, which he did not pretend to fathom — they were not in his line — was being allowed to run to seed; and he spoke his mind frankly and bluntly. This was the beginning of the breach which gradually widened as Eppie's moods grew day after day more wilful and restive and incalculable. For Mrs. Holdfast would believe no evil of Eppie; and shut her ears and hardened her heart against whoever ventured to hint that this undisciplined favorite would inevitably prove a heart-break to her mother. Thus a false element came into her life; while, on the other hand, Mark, after a single repulse, washed his hands of the consequences, and went his way. But he too felt sore, angry, vexed: it troubled him that any one should come between him and his mother; and he silently resented the injustice, as he considered it, of her choice. Thus division was established, with the usual consequences.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony,—
a ceremony which is never more irksome than when it grows up between those who are near of kin or near in love; and Mark adored his mother. But Eppie was not troubled; so long as she was permitted to go her own way unchallenged, she was supremely tolerant because perfectly indifferent.

Yet there had been a time — now some seasons past — when Eppie's fate hung in the balance.

VIII.

FONTAINBLEAU is built on a heathery plateau upon the summit of the Heughs. Any one acquainted with the coast knows Longhaven, — a ravine or chasm which penetrates for well nigh a quarter of a mile into the solid land; and at the upper end of this ravine the old farmhouse stands — or stood within the memory of living men. There is another chasm a hundred yards further south called Pothead; another beyond it called Hell's Lum. Opposite Hell's Lum, and nearly blocking up the passage from the open sea, is the island of Dunbuy. This is the last of the great granite headlands; thereafter the cliffs break away, and the coast sinks down to the sandy bents which enclose the Bay of Slains.

The farm of Achnagatt lies behind the sandhills which shelter it from the sea, and is separated from Fontainbleau by the great south road that now is, and by an affluent of the Water of Slains. Fontainbleau has no shelter of any kind — it stands, as I have said, upon the summit of the cliff, and the fierce winter winds beat upon its windows day and night. Sometimes, when the winds have churned the waves into yeast, the windows that look to the east are white with the driving foam. No tree can take root upon that inclement seaboard; the alder bushes whenever they rise above the garden wall are cut across as by a knife. What may be called the arable district of this country is singularly unpicturesque; but when, leaving the plateau, we descend into the chasms along the coast, we enter another world — a world of romance and mystery, of light and shade, of stern strength and tender beauty, where the measured beat of the wave and the sorrowful complaint of the sea-mew only add to the impressive solitariness of the scene. The path which leads from Fontainbleau to the shore, zigzagging among bracken, winding round boulders, resting beside bub-

bling spring or mossy bank of ferns and primroses, the blue sea and the white sea-birds framed in every variety of green, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. The promontory between Longhaven and Pothead consists of a succession of heathery knolls, sparsely planted with scraggy spruce and juniper bushes, where the earliest woodcock is sure to alight, it being the first bit of cover this side Norway. At the extreme point even the heather wears off, and the bare rocks rise naked and jagged from the water, yellow with lichen and brown with tangle.

They used to call a particular ledge or niche on this headland "Charlie's Howff." This was the natural observatory from which Uncle Ned took his bird's-eye views of nature. And the cool, sparkling water of the Rood well, bubbling up from some unfathomable depth below the sea, was the only stimulant which the old naturalist on his rambles could be persuaded to touch. It was older, he asserted, than the oldest vintage in the provost's cellar: of an age indeed to be computed, not by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. So it went well with the bread and cheese which he carried with him when on the tramp.

"What brings you here, Uncle Ned?" little Eppie would inquire — little Eppie, then about ten years old.

"If you lived in the High Street of Lonnor, Eppie, you would sit at the window to see the folk gae by. So I sit here to see my freens pass — the sea-birds, and the porpoises, and the whales. It's the calendar that shows me the time o' year. When I notice the lang wedges o' wild swans and bean geese and loons and lang-tailed harelds and eider deucks flyin' past to the south, I ken that autumn is over and the winter comin'. Then when they begin to return it is a sign and a testimony that the spring-time is at hand. Sae when the whales are blowin' like waterspouts, and the grampuses rollin' about like barrels, and the solans fa'in' like bullets into the water, the fisher bodies are advised that the great herrin' shoals, that bide in the deep sea till the heat o' summer, are nearin' the shore. Truly there's nae month in the year like June, wi' the bays a' swarin' wi' fish; tho' indeed the haill year is a perfect perpetual feast to them that remember Him who designed the birds and the beasts and young and auld bairns — like you and me, Eppie."

At other times he would be accompanied by Alistair, the sturdy schoolboy, who lived under his kinsman's roof—for Alistair's father and the old boat-builder had been cousins—and then the children would have famous days of scrambling among the rocks. Eppie could climb like a squirrel or a cat; her eye was perfect; even when on a narrow, slippery ledge, with the surf boiling below, her head never failed her. It seemed that a spice of danger added to the zest of her enjoyment, putting her upon her mettle and bracing her nerves. If she could induce Alistair to venture along a ledge from which he could not return without a helping hand, she would skim round about him like a sea-mew, and laugh unsympathetically at his terror. But in truth the boy was a daring cragsman, quite as venturesome in reality as Eppie herself; and he had taken the eggs of the shag and the peregrine from crags which had never been scaled before by anything heavier than a conie or a fox.

Then they would return to Uncle Ned's seat, and at the old man's feet share his frugal meal, listening lazily in the sunshine to his discursive talk.

"There's a leam fishing in St. Catherine's Dub," he would say, pointing to a deep gash in the rocks. "Lang syne, Eppie, a great Spanish barque—the 'St. Catherine' by name—struck upon that reef. It was a ship of the great Armada, and it carried the admiral's flag. It went to the bottom wi' every sowl on board. They say that a great store o' gowd lies at the bottom o' the Dub,—that was the clash of the country-side when I was a wean. But lang or ever the Armada sailed the Danes kent ilka landin'-place along the Heughs. They were wild folk, fearin' neither God nor man. Mony a farmhouse they harried, and they burned the kirk, and spared neither mither nor maiden. But in the end a great battle was fought at the Ward—it began in the dawnin' and lasted far on thro' the night—and the saut-water thieves were forced back to their ships. It was a grand deliverance, and the yerl built a kirk on the battle-field, for it was said that mair than mortal men took part in the fecht. That's an auld wife's story, it may be; but that the battle was won wi' God's help we may richtly believe. The kirk stood for a thousand years, and may be standin' yet: for ae wild winter nicht a mighty wind arose, and blew for a week, so that no man could stand against it. When it ceased the kirk was

gone—it had been overcassen by the sand; and indeed the sandbank itself may be seen to this day at the Water o' Slains."

Then as the boy and girl grew older he would take them with him into that imaginative domain where he spent so many of his days.

"When you are a bigger lass, Eppie, you shall read the plays of Shakespeare,—and you too, Alistair. There has been nae man like Shakespeare born into this world. He was acquent' wi' a' the devices o' man's heart; and yet had he spent his time like myself in inquiren' into the ways o' birds and beasts, he could not hae been mair familiar wi' their ongoings. There's the teuchit—wha ever was mair pleased wi' its divertin' wiles, which indeed have always seemed to me mair like understandin' than instinct; for afore it could steal awa frae its nest and rise anon on broken wing, it must hae considered sarioulsy hoo it could best beguile us:—

I would not, tho' tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so.

How tenderly he peeps into the nest of the cushey doo—there's never mair than ae pair of young cushies in a nest—whar her golden couplets are lying saft and snug. And Juliet desires a falconer's voice to lure her tassel-gentle back again—just as Alistair whistles a plover oot o' the lift; and Coriolanus will be to Rome as the osprey to the fish who takes it by sovereignty of nature; and Antony, leaving the fight in height, claps on his seawing and like a doting mallard flies after the Egyptian witch; and the shy Adonis is the dive-dapper peerin' thro' a wave; and Duncan has nae thoct or suspicion o' that bloody midnight business, because the castle o' Macbeth is haunted by the swallows, who have built their pendent nests at ilka window; which proves that the air is sweet and delicate, and better than doctors' drugs for an auld king. Puir auld Duncan!—as he sits there wi' the sunset touching his gray hairs, list'nin' to the twitterin' o' the swallows, he looks a sweet and gentle and contentit auld man: and a contentit auld man, my dears, is the happiest o' men. But, O my bairns, the death-warrant had been signed, and the bluidy designs o' twa black hearts—a man's, ay, and a woman's—had been registered in hell.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits.

You've heard of Leddy Macbeth, Eppie, from your spellin' buik; some ither day I'll tell you about Juliet and Coriolanus and Antony and Cymbeline, and the thrang o' kings and clowns and fair women who have been embalmed forever in the imperishable pages o' the chief o' poets."

This sort of talk went over their heads often, no doubt; yet children are far wiser than the people who make stories for them suppose.

"Did he live hereabouts?" Eppie asks.

"Na, he was never sae far north. Ye, he kent the sea weel,—though whar he saw it, oot o' his dreams, I canna tell. The sea," he went on, "that responds like the weather-glass to every impulse of the breeze—the always wind-obeying deep—until as the gale rises it loses its equilibrium ategither, like a man oot o' his wits—as mad as the vexed sea—must hae been regarded by Shakespeare in a' its moods. Timon, weary o' the world and its fickle praise and blame, would mak' his grave beside the sea, upon the very hem o' the sea, whar its licht foam might beat his gravestone daily. And for my ain part, bairns, I would love to lie within hearin' o' the swell—for the sea never sleeps, and it may weel be that even among the mools we nicht hear its voice—when ither voices are heard nae mair. Moreover, the sea itself is full o' life,—being the image or visible manifestation of him who is the centre and the source of life. The vital force o' oor maker is nowhere else sae veevidly personified. Therefore, my bairns, the sea to an auld man like me has a hopeful soun'—it speaks o' vitality and immortality,—like him who said, 'Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.' The auld prophet indeed believed that the sea was unquiet because it was sorrowful—there is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet, says he; but Jeremiah's knowledge of the sea was leemited, and he lived before the art o' boat-buildin' had been brought to oor present perfection, so that there was a prejudice against the saut water amang his countrymen. But Shakespeare kent weel that the habitual motion o' the sea was pleasant and blythesome; for when Perdita dances Florizel wishes her a wave o' the sea that she might do nothing but that; and in verra truth, the fa' o' a wave and the footfa' o' a blythe lass are twa o' the sweetest souns in this astonishin' world."

It cannot be doubted, I think, that the ideal domain into which his companion-

ship with Uncle Ned brought Alister Ross tended to enrich a character that would otherwise have been mainly noticeable for simplicity, snowdness, and natural candor—a clear and limpid soul such as the gods love; but somehow or other the influence was, or seemed to be, wasted on Eppie: the ideal ran off her, as water off a duck's back. Uncle Ned loved her as if she had been his daughter, and perhaps he loved her none the less because he felt, as the old Puritans would have said, that he was fighting for her soul—that the struggle between him and the devil for this "precious piece of childhood" was still a drawn battle. Her wilfulness, her insensibility, the spirit of mockery by which she was possessed, were purely impish: yet her dauntless courage, her directness, her brightness, fascinated and dazzled him. Her heart was still torpid, he would own; but love might thaw the ice, and breathe a woman's soul, a woman's sense of duty and devotedness, into the cold bosom of this wilful kelpie.

But, as I have said, the ideal solution which was to thaw her selfishness into sacrifice, her impishness into womanliness, had not yet begun to work. She was seventeen years of age; a choice piece of workmanship; in splendid health, and without a touch of fear. On her eighteenth birthday (her birthday fell in the winter-time—she was born in the terrible winter of '82) she had sat with Uncle Ned at "Charlie's Howff," while the great white gulls sailed majestically along the cliffs, and the raven and the peregrine screamed at the intruders out of the sky. There had been a sprinkling of snow during the night; the frost was keen, and the limpid stream that trickled from the Rood well was being gradually translated by incrustation into a pendent crystal,—an enormous icicle.

"See, Eppie," said Uncle Ned, pointing to certain sharp and delicate imprints upon the snow, "mony hae been here this mornin' besides you and me. That's a rabbit's foot, and that's a roe's. What has brocht the buck down to the sea? He'll be oot o' sorts likely, and wantin' a taste o' the saut water. A haill thicket o' patricks hae been scrapin' on the lee side o' this drift. And here's the lang taes o' the woodcock, and—Gude guide us, Eppie—the webbed fute o' a wild goose! There hae been some fine plays here in the starlicht! That's a hare's seat beside the hedge: pussie has washed her face, and curled her whiskers, and noo she's aff to the neeps. There's mony a

simple history, my dear, to be read by the hedgerows and the burnside in the winter-time; and I never weary o' spellin' oot the letters. I'm an auld man noo; but they're a' as wonnerfu' to me as when I was a wean. For it's true what the Apostle says, tho' aiblins no in the sense he intendit: Ever learnin', and yet never able to come to the knowledge o' the truth. For the truth is unfathomable and unsearchable."

"I don't see what good it has done you, Uncle Ned," says the young realist in her blunt fashion. "What's the good of a thing that's good for nothing?" she adds, in the very words of the philosophy of David Hume.

IX.

ALISTER loved Eppie, but Eppie did not love Alister. In this, however, there was no disparagement of Alister; for Eppie loved no one except herself. In point of fact Eppie liked Alister as much perhaps as she was capable of liking. There was a subtle vein of sensuousness in this chilly nature; but love?—of that as yet she knew nothing. Alister was strong and active, a fine specimen of the Scandinavian type of manliness; and Eppie saw that he was true and simple and warm-hearted—and yet she did not love him. She admired his rustic bravery, his open-mindedness, his faith in herself, as well as the frank blue eyes and the stalwart limbs of his outer man,—somewhat in the way that a man admires a handsome woman, with whom he is minded to flirt, but whom he does not mean to marry. That was all.

Once indeed she had nearly thawed. They had been out in the Fontainebleau skiff, fishing and fowling, and they were floating homewards in the autumn moonlight—a fathom or two from the cliffs. The glamor of the moonlight was around them. Birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave. An occasional auk floated past with the tide, its head under its wing. Then they came to a huge stack of snow-white rocks on which the moonlight rested broad and full. Half-way up the cliff a blue heron—a bird seen once in fifty years or so, and associated with quaint and fantastic superstitions—was perched on one leg in a cleft of the precipice. It was blue in every feather as a summer sky at morning. The ledge where it had posted itself was exactly like a niche carved on purpose to hold a relic or a little statue or a picture of a saint. The moon was full, and the bird looked as if

the cliff had been made for it. Something in the solitariness and the strangeness of the surroundings touched Eppie. She was sitting on the same seat with Alister, and a sort of pathetic gleam came into her eyes. He stole his arm round her waist without speaking. She did not resist; her head lay upon his shoulder; she nestled closer and closer. A sudden awe, an unaccountable tenderness, had taken possession of her. Alister heard a smothered sob,—a hot tear dropped upon his hand. Then he bent his head—I do not know that he kissed her—but he whispered in her ear. "Ay, Alister, dear Alister," she answered in a broken voice, which was low and soft as a woman's. Had the crust cracked at last?

But when the boat touched the shore she sprang from his arms, and thereafter she did not speak to him for a month. They had been brother and sister; now they were lovers; and the whole soul of the wilful girl rebelled against the claim, which in a moment of incalculable weakness she had seemed to allow.

Then Alister was despatched to a station in the south, and they did not meet again for a year or two. When he came back, in the summer of the year one—promoted to a fair place in the service—he heard that old Hacket was on his death-bed, and that Harry Hacket would be the new laird of Yokieshill.

This, I think, was the turning-point of Eppie's life. Had she yielded at that time to the soft persuasions of her better nature, she might have been saved.

X.

It was during the year of Alister's absence in the south that Eppie's acquaintance with young Hacket began—at some harvest-home or other rustic merry-making. The Hackets belonged to the gentry; but the old laird of Yokieshill was a complete recluse, having withdrawn himself before his boy grew up from the society of the county. He was in bad odor both as master and neighbor. Insolent and overbearing by nature, he became morose and savage as the darkness deepened round him. It was a gloomy house, haunted by memories of evil-doing, standing gauntly among the melancholy moors. Mrs. Hacket had died when her boy was born; and thereafter no woman of the better sort had entered its doors. There was a tacit antipathy between father and son; a dreary childhood—how unutterably dreary is the shy isolation of a child!—had matured

into a sullen manhood; and altogether the outlook for Harry Hacket when he came of age was one which the most poverty-stricken hind on the estate need not have envied. He was grossly ignorant; he had no companions except his gun and his dogs; his conscience was obtuse; paroxysms of passion had acquired for him the reputation of a bully, while, in truth, the habitual ill-usage to which he had been exposed, by crushing the animal spirits and the native elasticity of childhood, had made him a coward.

"The stars in their courses fight against Sisera," the doctor said, discussing with Uncle Ned the character of the young squire.

"Ay, doctor, but what business had the stars to tak' ony part in the strife? Hoo are we to guide oor battles if the stars come down and fight like the auld gods on this side and on that? But there's some men who never get a chance: they are reprobates from the beginning. Heaven and earth have conspired against them. It's ane o' the mysteries o' this world which metaphesics and theology have clean failed to expiscate. But between oorsels, doctor, I've aye had great sympathy with Sisera. The stars weren't verra particular in their choice o' tools. A nail in a sleepin' man's lug—it's no fair."

Yet this swaggering young fellow was presentable enough. Although he knew nothing of the dainties that are bred in a book, he had a certain measure of natural shrewdness which served to keep him out of any quite fatal scrapes. He was strongly built; his features were massive; his crisp, black hair had a natural curl; the large, black eyes were sombre but penetrating. Their stealthiness was not visible to the casual observer—the stealthiness of a wild animal which has been hunted from its cradle, whose ancestors have been hunted from immemorial time. There was an underbred look about him, it is true, which would have made him, in spite of his broad chest and masterful air, distasteful to a woman of true cultivation; but then the girls about Yokieshill were not gifted with the keen and educated perceptions of the gentlewoman. The lasses who worked on the neighboring farms were, many of them, sufficiently comely; and as their moral standard was not high, the fact that Lizzie Shivas or Chirsty Murrison had been seen with the young laird in the gloaming was rather a feather in her cap than otherwise. Harry had no scruples on this or on any other subject; desire and its gratification

went hand in hand; and by the time he was five-and-twenty he had contrived to win for himself an unsavory repute among honest women.

It was not to be wondered at in the circumstances that Harry Hacket should have sought the society of his inferiors. He could not, in fact, help himself. He was shut out, by his father's habits and by his own, from the great houses of the neighborhood. Man is a gregarious animal, and Harry Hacket was driven by the social instinct, by the craving for companionship, to the public-house and the bothie. Then he was the young laird. A great part of the land round about had been inherited or acquired by his father. The fortunes of many of these simple people would by-and-by come to depend on his good-will. He was not loved; but he was tolerated, invited, encouraged. He and his father were barely on speaking terms. The old man had grown very miserly; it was his last enjoyment in a world which he did not love and more or less despised. Harry might commit as many follies as he pleased, but he must not expect his father to pay for them. At that time smuggling by land and by sea was in full swing; foreign wines and silks as well as home-made spirits were at famine prices; the illicit traffic was a lucrative one. Harry was driven by his necessities to consort with men who habitually and successfully evaded the law. Even by these men he was not trusted: a true instinct warned them against one who was destitute of the rudimentary principles of honor which are current among thieves, who was at heart a coward; but then he was useful to them. Had he been openly hostile, the son of the resident proprietor who was constantly wandering about the moors, with his gun and his dogs, might have come inconveniently in their way. He would certainly have learnt that the Black Moss was frequented not by wild ducks only. Harry was proud in his coarse, ignorant fashion; he would not have married a cottar's daughter even to spite his father; for in his own conceit he belonged to the upper class which could do what it liked with the lower; and he internally resented the familiarities which he was forced to accept from his associates.

This is not a nice character, but it was one very common in Scotland in the year one—the home-bred son of the miserly or impecunious laird, whose education had been neglected, and whose morals had been worse than neglected. Uncle

Ned was very tolerant: he believed that, rough-hew them how we may, a divinity shapes our ends; that the world would go topsy-turvy were there no hand behind the scenes to keep the puppets on their feet; and that without some such unseen direction education becomes an utterly hopeless enterprise. But even Uncle Ned admitted that Harry Hacket was a difficulty; and when, in spite of such warnings as he could give her, Eppie Holdfast's name began to be associated with the young laird's, he turned away with a dull but poignant feeling of pain and displeasure in his heart to which his simple nature had been hitherto unused.

But Eppie was not blinded.

XI.

I DON'T want to do Eppie any injustice. She was a remarkably fine animal—her physique was splendid—she had magnificent vitality. Her skin was pure and her eye bright with perfect health. But she had never been broken into harness, and at length she became unmanageable. What strict control and discipline might have effected I cannot pretend to say—something, not everything, for the vice was in the blood. It requires something more than the wise direction of man—it needs the fire of Almighty God—to warm the cold and calculating instincts of a worldly nature into the glow of sacrifice and the ideality of love. There were all sorts of superficial contrarieties in Eppie's nature; she was hard yet cunning, icy yet sensitive, frank yet reticent. On one side she seemed rude, blunt, imperious; yet she had that native capacity for treachery which is bred in the bone of the wild-cat and the hawk. The girl was utterly fearless; yet nature had armed her with the stealthy arts with which she arms the weaker animals. You say that this is an unnatural combination? But there are no vital inconsistencies in such a character as I am sketching. Given an original basis of urgent and clamant selfishness, and to compass its end any disguise can be assumed, or rather it can shape itself into any mould. Poor Eppie must have committed some dreadful crime in a prior state of existence, for even in her bluntest moments she was watchful—ever on the alert to guard against surprise.

Eppie was not blinded. But Harry was the young laird; and his wife might be—should be—would be—a great lady. Why not? said Eppie to herself. But to become a great lady it was necessary to marry this man; and then she

had to ask herself if she loved him as she would love her husband. Well—she was not quite sure of her feelings—she repelled and attracted her as the load-stone attracts and repels. She knew by repute that he was sulky and passionate; she had a sort of moral conviction that he was a coward. He might have behaved badly to girls—to do Eppie justice, the worst of his iniquities were not known to her; well, girls must look after themselves as she meant to look after herself; but cowardice—that was a crime in a man which it was difficult to forgive. And then there was Alister. Poor Alister! Lord of his presence and no land beside, as Uncle Ned would say.

"Come, Mr. Hacket," she said, "and I will show you the glade's nest."

They had wandered across the heathery knolls until they had reached the Bloody Hole. A smile of malice suddenly lighted up Eppie's face, which had hitherto that day been simply grave and attentive; here she would test him. The Bloody Hole is shaped like a W; the peregrines had built their nest at the junction of the V's; had built it there beyond the memory of mortals. Going back the other day, I felt that there was something vitally amiss when I found that the errie was deserted, and that the birds rose, shrieking shrilly, from a distant bluff.

I take the W as the readiest available illustration; but it is not a perfectly accurate one, for the central limb which divides the chasm into two profound gulfs is connected with the land by a narrow neck only, which for twenty or thirty yards is sharper than a knife at the summit. An acrobat, a rope-dancer, a Blondin could not find footing upon its polished and perilous edge. The invisible thread with which the Lilliput girl threads her invisible needle is barely finer. But along the north face of the cliff, a few feet from the summit, there is a narrow shelf—no, not a shelf—for there are merely a succession of detached knobs of rock, and an occasional bush of the common sea-pink. This is the road to the glade's nest; and with his arms thrown across the edge, and moving his feet warily from knob to knob and from bush to bush, the hardy cragsman of the district can cross the *mauvais pas*. Eppie and Alister had been familiar with the place since they were children; and familiarity had made them bold and confident. It had no terrors for the girl, and leaving Harry upon the land she sped swiftly along the narrow footway.

"Come," she cried, in a voice shrill as a mocking-bird's, as she planted herself securely on the other bank; "come, I am waiting for you." And then he knew that the attentive eyes were fixed curiously upon him.

Well—he tried it, and he did not succeed. Half-way across, his head failed him, his nerve gave way. A tuft of grass to which he had trusted had not been securely rooted, and his feet dangled over the gulf in empty space. He became actually sick with fright. He felt that in another moment he would be tumbling through thin air into the abyss beneath. Ere that moment came Eppie was by his side. "Be a man," she said, "or I canna help you." Her steady voice steadied him. "There's a crack in the rock at your foot—there—there." The fear of death was upon him, but it made him quick to follow her guidance. "Now lightly upon the grass—lightly—lightly—now on the rock." And thus they regained the solid land.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, and eyeing her savagely, "D—n it," he said with a sulkily oath, "that's a pretty place to bring a man!"

But he was pale and cowed; and Eppie with a thrill of triumph felt that she was his master.

XII.

"HARRY," said Eppie, as they stood on the Saplin Brae, "I don't know that mither would like me to ride so far."

"Oh, never heed, Eppie; we'll be hame before dark."

Eppie was a bold rider, and she looked splendid in the rustic habit which her own deft fingers had woven. Her steed was only a "shalt" or "shaltie," a half-bred, half-broken native of the farm, yet a wiry and indefatigable little beast. The breed of Highland ponies has died out now, more's the pity.

It is the spring-time, a soft wind is blowing from the south, and the braes of Fontainbleau are white with cowslips. Eppie looks splendid; her face is flushed with the excitement of the gallop up the Saplin Brae to the ridge above Yokieshill; the young laird has dismounted to tighten a girth and adjust a stirrup; he gazes up into her face with eyes that are brimful of passion. He has never had a toy like this before; his longing to clasp it, to seize it, to make it his own, takes away his breath at times; he is mad with desire. They have raced up the steep ascent; the horses took the bits between

their teeth and flew like the wind; and now they are resting on the summit. And at their feet is the old house of Yokieshill, and the mosses round about that the wild duck love, and the blue sea edged with a white line of breakers, and circled by the sandhills of Slains. And all the land between is owned by the laird of Yokieshill, who is dying at home in his bed.

The tempter selected an exceedingly high mountain from which to show the tempted all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

Harry Hacket was but a coarse and rustic edition of Mephistopheles; yet he judged rightly when he brought Eppie in their rides to the Saplin Brae. For from thence she could behold all the goodly heritage which she coveted; and distance gave the gaunt old Scotch house a charm which would not have stood the test of a closer acquaintance.

"Let me call you Eppie," he had asked on one occasion as they stood on this spot.

"My name's Euphame," she had answered calmly. "There's aye been a Euphame Holdfast in Fontainbleau or ever there was a Hacket in Yokieshill; but you may call me Eppie if it pleases you, I am sure."

"And you will call me Harry?"

"Surely," she answered, returning his ardent glance with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "Harry's a prettier name than Hacket."

"What ails you at Hacket?" he said gloomily, for he secretly hated the name which belonged to his father as well as to himself.

"Oh, the name's guid enough for them that owns it," she replied, with airy indifference. "Naeboddy of course would tak' it for choice."

After this fashion it had been settled that "Eppie" and "Harry" were to be substituted for "Miss Holdfast" and "Mr. Hacket." Biting and scarting are Scots folks' wooing; and the more he was hurt by the sharp tongue and the dangerous teeth of this chilly and unapproachable damsel, the more furiously did his passion blaze.

And now the gay knight and his fair damozel are pricking on the plain. In that barren, treeless country, and to these hard, weather-beaten men and women of the coast, the shadowy coverts and the wide, park-like spaces of Pitfairlie—for which they are bound—form an enchanted domain. The sea is a sharp taskmaster: never at rest itself, its unrest

creeps into the blood of those who live on its shores; its companionship implies a constant strain. To cross from Peelboro' into the Pitfairlie woods was to reach a haven of repose after painful wrestling with the east wind; the wavy outlines, the deep shadows, the soft greenery of the park rested eye and brain wearied by the poignant light. And then, to add to its attractions, there was "the auld admiral," who brightened it by his wit and enriched it by his goodness—my dear old friend, who wore his seventy years lightly like a flower, and whose keen tongue and mother wit were crisp and bracing as a winter morning.

"Gay knight and fair damozel!" This is my little essay to get a touch of the atmosphere of the "round table" into my love-story; but I find that it does not suit my homespun style. I have to follow, not heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb, not Lady of the Mere sole-sitting by the shores of old romance; but only Eppie Holdfast and Harry Hackett in their ride that spring morning across the Buchan moors.

Pitfairlie was delightfully situated. In front of the castle a noble chace dotted with forest trees—magnificent lines and chestnuts—retreated slowly till it lost itself in a thicket of spruce and brushwood. The approach swept in a succession of fine curves along the brink of the river. There were no gates to shut in the face of the people; nothing to indicate exactly where the lawn terminated or the outer world began. Cottages were scattered here and there among the cover; blue smoke curled in lazy wreaths over the tree-tops.

They rode through the castle grounds, till they came to the barren upland, where the plover and the moorfowl breed. It was a glorious ride; the road continually ascending from the rich banks of the river to the region of the heather and the pine, and disclosing a new coign of vantage at every turn. The picturesque antiquity of the historic abbey, the lordly breadth of the modern mansion, the rose flush of my lady's flower garden, the blue curves of the river gleaming through the spring greenery of the woodland, the low backs of the bushless downs crowned with shining crests of purple heather, the white swans upon the lake ruffling their snowy plumage, or dipping their long necks into the clammy weeds, I do not wonder that the Peelboro' poets of the year one should have waxed eloquent in praise of the fair Pitfairlie domain.

They drew up their panting horses in the middle of the encrimsoned downs, and turned their faces homeward. A gormcock crowed lustily, startling the gathering shadows of the night. There was no sound or trace of man; the wild Highland cattle that fed upon the scrubby herbage were the only denizens of these dreary flats. Obstinate, mouse-colored, picturesque little brutes, with shaggy manes and shaggy heads crowned with long, branching horns, who looked at the riders with brown, tranquil, meditative eyes as they went past. The ox-eyed Juno!

"O dear me, how delightful it is!" sighed Eppie to herself. And then as they rode home in the dark—if it is ever dark in these high northern latitudes—Harry made her understand at last that he loved her as such men love. Eppie was in a dream; dreaming was a new sensation to her; for Eppie, as a rule, slept the sleep of the just, or at least of a perfectly healthy young animal. Two voices sounded in her ears—the voice of the man beside her, and the voice of another who had been her playfellow in the old days; and while she listened in an unfamiliar reverie to Harry's story, she thought of Alister. But all the time she knew, or fancied she knew, that she had made her choice; for her own self-love was deeper and more vital than any other. Ambition had the whole, or well-nigh the whole, of her heart; love only an obscure corner. And for his part, Harry, even in that gust of passion, felt that he was a fool; was even then mentally calculating how he could win her on the easiest available terms.

But the upshot was that in the mean time Eppie had two lovers in hand, to neither of whom, however, had it been finally and irretrievably pledged.

So the months passed, Eppie still on her guard, and hedging as they say on the turf; grave and silent with Uncle Ned, mocking and masterful with Harry Hackett, but watchful always; until on an August evening of the year one, Alister Ross, looking remarkably handsome in his new uniform, returned to Peelboro'.

The "Jan Mayen" entered the harbor at Port Henry on the first day of October, 1800, the day before Laird Hackett died; and the reader will be kind enough to understand, that while I have been chatting with him about old times and old stories three weeks have passed. The stooks at Fontainebleau have been gathered into the farmyard, and the Achmagatt "clyack" is to take place to-morrow.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DAYS IN THE WOODS.

TOWARDS August or September, any man who has once been in the woods will begin to feel stirring within him a restless craving for the forest — an intense desire to escape from civilization, a yearning to kick off his boots, and with them all the restraints, social and material, of ordinary life; and to revel once again in the luxury of mocassins, loose garments, absolute freedom of mind and body, and a complete escape from all the petty moral bondages and physical bandages of society. To a man who has once tasted of the woods, the instinct to return thither is as strong as that of the salmon to seek the sea. Let us, then, go into the woods. I will ask permission to skip all preliminary travelling, and consider that we have arrived at the last house, where Indians and canoes are waiting for us. Old John Williams, the Indian, beaming with smiles, shakes hands, and says: "My soul and body, sir, I am glad to see you back again in New Brunswick. How have you been, sir? Pretty smart, I hope." "Oh, first-rate, thank you, John; and how are you, and how did you get through the winter, and how is the farm getting on?" "Pretty well, sir. I killed a fine fat cow moose last December, that kept me in meat most all winter; farm is getting on splendid. I was just cutting my oats when I got your telegram, and dropped the scythe right there in the swarth, and left. I hear there's a sight of folks going in the woods this fall; more callers than moose, I guess." And so, after a little conversation with the other Indians, in the course of which we discover that though they have been there three days, they have never thought of patching up the canoes, and have left the baking-powder or frying-pan or some equally essential article behind, we enter the settler's house, and so to supper and bed.

The first day is not pleasant. The canoes have to be carted ten miles to the head of the stream we propose descending, and the hay-wagon wants mending, or the oxen have gone astray. Patience and perseverance, however, overcome all these and similar difficulties, and at last we are deposited on the margin of a tiny stream; the settler starts his patient, stolid oxen, over the scarcely perceptible track, saying, "Well, good day, gents; I hope you will make out all right," and we are left alone in the forest.

The first thing to be done is to make a

little fire, and then with a hot brand melt the gum on the seams of the canoes where it may have been cracked by the jolting of the wagon, and to patch up with resin and pieces of calico, brought for the purpose, any holes in the bark. An Indian ascertains that his canoe is water-tight by the simple method of applying his lips to every seam that appears leaky, and seeing whether the air sucks through. This ceremony he religiously performs every morning before launching his canoe, and every evening when he takes her out of the water. It looks as though he were embracing her with much affection, and it sounds like it; but in reality it must be an osculatory process more useful than agreeable, for a canoe, like an Indian squaw, though excellent for carrying burdens, cannot be particularly pleasant to kiss. Our canoes having successfully passed through this ordeal, they are carefully placed upon the water, brush is cut and laid along the bottom, the baggage carefully stowed, and away we start at last, three canoes with a white man in the bow and a red man in the stern of each. Civilization, with all its worries, anxieties, disappointments, heat, dust, restraint, luxury, and discomfort are left behind; before us are the grand old woods, the open barrens, stream, lake, and river — perfect freedom, lovely cool autumnal weather, three weeks' provisions, plenty of ammunition, the forest and the stream to supply food, and the fishing-rod and rifle with which to procure it.

Down we go, very slowly and carefully, wading half the time, lifting stones out of the way, tenderly lifting the canoes over shallows, for the stream scarcely trickles over its pebbly bed. After a while the water deepens and becomes still. We take to the paddles and make rapid progress.

"Guess there's a dam pretty handy," says John, and so it turns out to be, for after a mile of dead water we are brought up by a beaver-dam, showing an almost dry river-bed below it. Canoes are drawn up and the dam is demolished in a few minutes, giving a couple of nights' hard labor to the industrious families whose houses we had passed a little way above the dam. Then we have to wait for half an hour to give the water a start of us, and then off again, poling, wading, paddling down the stream, until the sinking sun indicates time to camp.

In a few minutes — for all hands are used to the work — canoes are unladen, two tents pitched, soft beds of fir-tops

spread evenly within them, wood cut, and bright fires burning, more for cheerfulness than warmth. A box of hard bread is opened, tea brewed, and ham set frizzling in the pan. Tea is a great thing in the woods. Indians are very fond of it; their plan is to put as much tea as they can get hold of into a kettle, and boil it until it is nearly strong enough to stand a spoon upright in. Of this bitter decoction they drink enormous quantities for supper, and immediately fall fast asleep, having nothing about them that answers to civilized nerves.

Sunrise finds us up; breakfast is soon over, tents are struck, canoes loaded, and we are on our way down the deepening stream. It is a river now, with lots of trout in the shallows, and salmon in the deep pools. About noon we turn sharp off to the eastward up a little brawling brook, forcing our way with some difficulty up its shallow rapids till it gets too dry, and we are compelled to go ashore and to "carry" over to the lake whither we are bound. One of us stops behind to make a fire, boil the kettle, and prepare the dinner, while the Indians swing each a canoe on to his shoulders and start through the woods. In three trips everything is carried across, and we embark again upon a lovely lake.

The "carry" was not long, only about half a mile, and there was a good blazed trail, so that it was a comparatively easy job; but under the most favorable circumstances this *portaging*, or *carrying*, is very hard work. It is hard enough to have to lift eighty or one hundred pounds on your back. It is worse when you have to carry the burden half a mile, and get back as quickly as you can for another load; and when you have to crawl under fallen limbs, climb over prostrate logs, balance yourself on slippery tree-trunks, flounder through bogs, get tangled up in alder swamps, force yourself through branches which slap you viciously in the face, with a big load on your back, a hot sun overhead, and several mosquitoes on your nose. I know of nothing more calculated to cause an eruption of bad language, a considerable gain in animal heat, and a corresponding loss of temper. But it has to be done, and the best way is to take it coolly, and, if you cannot do that, to take it as coolly as you can.

Out on the lake it was blowing a gale, and right against us. We had to kneel in the bottom of the canoes, instead of sitting on the thwarts, and vigorously ply our paddles. The heavily-laden craft

plunged into the waves, shipping water at every jump, and sending the spray flying into our faces. Sometimes we would make good way, and then, in a squall, we would not gain an inch, and be almost driven on shore; but after much labor we gained the shelter of a projecting point, and late in the evening reached our destination, and drew up our canoes for the last time.

While others make camp, old John wanders off with head stooped, and eyes fixed on the ground, according to his custom. The old man always looks as if he had lost something and was searching for it. Indeed, this is very often the case. I remember, after watching him one day prying and wandering about an old lumber camp, asking him what on earth he was doing. "Oh nothing, sir," he answered; "I hid a clay pipe here, somewhere — let me see, about thirty-five years ago, and I was looking for it." After dark he comes quietly in, sits down by the fire and lights his pipe, and, after smoking a little while, observes: "Moose been here, sir, not long ago. I saw fresh tracks, a cow and a calf close handy just around that little point of woods." Another silence, and then he looks up with a smile of the most indescribable cunning and satisfaction, and adds: "I think, mebbe, get a moose pretty soon if we have a fine night." "Well, I hope so, John," say I. "Yes, sir, I see where he rub his horn, sir; you know the little meadow just across the hard-wood ridge? why, where we saw the big cariboo track three years ago. He's been fighting the bushes there. My soul and body, a big bull, sir, great works, tracks seven inches long." And so we fall to talking about former hunting excursions till bedtime, or rather sleepy-time, comes, and we curl up in our blankets, full of hopes for the future, which may or may not be disappointed.

Moose-calling commences about the first of September and ends about the 15th of October. A full moon occurring between the middle and end of September is the best of all times. The best plan in calling is to fix upon a permanent camp and make little expeditions of two or three days' duration from it, returning to rest and get fresh supplies. Then you enjoy the true luxury of hunting. Then you feel really and thoroughly independent and free. The Indian carries your blanket, your coat, a little tea, sugar, and bread, a kettle, and two tin pannikins. The hunter has enough to do to carry

himself, his rifle, ammunition, a small axe, hunting-knife, and a pair of field-glasses. Thus accoutred, clad in a flannel shirt and homespun continuations, moose-hide moccasins on your feet, your trousers tucked into woollen socks, your arms unencumbered with that useless article, a coat, you plunge into the woods, the sun your guide in clear weather, your pocket-compass if it is cloudy, the beasts and birds and fishes your companions; and wander through the woods at will, sleeping where the fancy seizes you, "calling" if the nights are calm, or still-hunting on a windy day. Calling is the most fascinating, disappointing, exciting, of all sports. You may be lucky at once and kill your moose the first night you go out, perhaps at the very first call you make. You may be weeks and weeks, perhaps the whole calling season, without getting a shot. Moose-calling is simple enough in theory; in practice it is immensely difficult of application. It consists, as I have before explained in this review, in imitating the cry of the animal with a hollow cone made of birch bark, and endeavoring by this means to call up a moose near enough to get a shot at him by moonlight or in the early morning. He will come straight up to you, within a few yards — walk right over you almost — answering, "speaking," as the Indians term it, as he comes along, if nothing happens to scare him; but that is a great *if*. So many unavoidable accidents occur. The great advantage of moose-calling is, that it takes one out in the woods during the most beautiful period of the whole year; when nature, tired with the labor of spring and summer, puts on her holiday garments, and rests luxuriously before falling into the deep sleep of winter. The great heats are past, though the days are still warm and sunny; the nights are calm and peaceful, the mornings cool, the evenings so rich in coloring, that they seem to dye the whole woodland with sunset hues, for the maple, oak, birch, and beech trees glow with a gorgeoussness unknown to similar trees in this country. If the day is windy, you can track the moose and cariboo, or perchance a bear, through the deep, shady recesses of the forest. On a still day, you may steal noiselessly over the smooth surface of some lake, or along a quiet reach of still river water, fringed with alder, winding tortuously through natural meadows, or beneath a ridge crowned with birch and maples, whose feathery branches and crimson leaves are so clearly reflected on a surface perfectly

placid, that you seem to be gliding over a forest of submerged trees. Or you may indulge to perfection in that most luxurious pastime — doing nothing. I know a lovely place for that, on a hunting-ground I used to frequent, a little island of woods about a quarter of a mile from camp, with a tall pine-tree in the middle, which was kind enough to arrange its branches in such a way that it was very easy to climb. Thither I would go on lazy days, when tired with hunting, with my gun and a book, and, leaning against its friendly trunk, read till I was tired of literature, and then climb up in the breezy branches and look out far and wide over the barrens on either side. Many a cariboo have I seen from thence, and shot him after an exciting stalk out on the plain.

Let us imagine a party of three men to burst out of the thick woods on to a little open space, or barren, hot and tired, about four o'clock on a fine October day. Before them lies a still, deep reach of a little river, fringed on the near side with brown alders; on the opposite side lies a piled-up ragged heap of loose grey granite blocks, with one solitary dead pine-tree, stretching out its gaunt, bare, shrivelled limbs against the clear sky. Just beyond is a little clump of pines, and all around a grey meadow, quite open for some fifty yards or so, then dotted with occasional unhappy-looking firs, sad and forlorn, with long tresses of grey moss hanging from their stunted limbs. The trees grow closer and closer together, and become more vigorous in appearance till they merge into the unbroken forest beyond. Supposing that I formed one of the party, I should immediately take measures to make myself comfortable for the night, for I am of a luxurious habit. I should set one Indian, say John Williams, to look for water, which he would find by scooping a hole in the moss with his hands, into which cavity a black and muddy liquid would presently flow, not inviting to look at, but in an hour's time it will have settled clear enough to drink — in the dark. I and the other Indian, say Noel Glode, would turn to and make camp. That is easily done when you know how — so is making a watch. You clear away a space beneath some tree, making it nice and level, and set up a shelter on whichever side you apprehend the wind will come from. You stick some poles or young fir-trees into the ground, prop them up with other trees, lash a pole horizontally along them, with a bit of string if you have it, or the flexible root of a fir if

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you have not. Cut down a lot of pine branches, and thatch the framework with them till you have formed a little lean-to, which will keep off a good deal of wind and all the dew. Then you strew the ground thickly with fir-tops or bracken, gather a lot of dry wood in case you want to make a fire, and all is ready for the night.

In a scene very like that, I spent the last two nights of the calling season not a hundred years ago. It was nearly sundown before our work was over, and, leaving Noel to finish camp, I sent John to a tree-top to look out, and sat down myself on a rock at a little distance to smoke the calumet of peace. These "barrens" are very melancholy at the decline of day, intensely sad, yet in their own way beautiful, full of delicate coloring. The grey, dead, tufted grass lies matted by the margin of the stream, over which brown alders droop, looking at their own images in the water, perfectly still, save when some otter, beaver, or musk-rat plunges sullenly in and disturbs it for a moment. The ground, carpeted with cariboo moss, white as ivory but with purple roots, is smooth, save for a few detached, rugged masses of granite covered with grey or black lichens. An occasional dwarfed pine, encumbered with hanging festoons of moss, strives to grow in the wet soil; and on drier spots, two or three tall, naked, dead firs that have been burned in some bygone fire, look pale, like ghosts of trees in the deepening twilight.

Beyond all, the forest rises, gloomy, black, mysterious. Nature looks sad, worn-out, dying; as though lamenting the ancient days and the inevitable approach of the white man's axe. Well in harmony with her melancholy mood are the birds and beasts that roam those solitudes, and haunt the woods and streams. The hooting owl, the loon or great northern diver, that startles the night with its unearthly scream, are weird, uncanny creatures; the cariboo or reindeer, which was contemporary with many extinct animals on this globe — mammoths, cave bears, and others — and which has seen curious sights among aboriginal men, has a strange look as if belonging to some older world and some other time, with his fantastic antlers and great white mane; and so, too, has the huge ungainly moose, that shares with him the forest and the swamps.

I had not, however, much time to indulge in reverie, for scarcely had I sat down before I heard old John call gently like a moose to attract my attention. Now it must be borne in mind that when

hunting you never call to any one like a human being, for to do so might scare away game; but you grunt like a moose, or, if you prefer it, hoot like an owl, or make any other sound emitted by one of the brute creation. I crept up quickly, and in obedience to John's whisper gave him the moose-caller, and, following the direction of his eyes, saw a small bull moose slowly crossing the barren some four or five hundred yards to our left. At the first sound from John's lips, the moose stopped dead short, and looked round, then moved a few steps towards us and stopped again. We watched him for some time. He was evidently timid, and it seemed doubtful whether he would come up; and as it was growing dark, Noel and I started to try and steal round the edge of the wood in order to cut him off before he could get into the timber and cross our tracks. We had not gone a hundred yards before we heard another bull coming up from a different direction through the forest, answering John's call. We could tell by the sound that he was a large one, and that he was coming up rapidly. The small bull heard him also, and stopped. We were now, of a truth, in a dilemma. There was a moose in sight of us, but it was ten to one that he would smell our tracks and get scared before we could reach him. There was a larger moose coming through the woods, but where he would emerge it was impossible to say; and to make matters worse, it was rapidly getting dark. The difficulty was soon settled, for the smaller moose moved on again towards the woods, crossed our track, snuffed us, and started off across the barren at a trot: so we had to turn our attention to the larger one. He came on boldly; we could hear him call two or three times in succession, and then stop dead silent for a few minutes to listen, and then on again, speaking. We planted ourselves right in his way, just on the edge of the woods, and, crouching close to the ground, waited for him. Presently we heard his hoarse voice close to us, and the crackling of the bushes as he passed through them; then silence fell again, and we heard nothing but the thumping of our hearts; another advance and he stopped once more, within apparently about fifty yards of us. After a long, almost insupportable pause, he came on again; we could hear his footsteps, we could hear the grass rustling, we could hear him breathing, we could see the bushes shaking, but we could not make out even the faintest out-

line of him in the dark. Again he stopped, and our hearts seemed to stand still also with expectation; another step must have brought him out almost within reach of me, when suddenly there was a tremendous crash! He had smelt us, and was off with a cracking of dead limbs, rattling of horns, and smashing of branches, which made the woods resound again. Disappointed we were, but not unhappy, for the first duty of the hunter is to drill himself into that peculiar frame of mind which enables a man to exult when he is successful, and to accept ill-luck and defeat without giving way to despondency.

It was by this time pitch dark, and there was no use therefore in calling any more. So in a few minutes we were seated round a bright, cheerful little fire: the kettle was boiled, and we consoled ourselves with what story-books call "a frugal meal" of bread and tea; and then reclining on our beds of bracken, with our backs to the fire, smoked and chatted till sleep began to weigh our eyelids down. I have observed that in most accounts of travel and hunting adventure people are represented as lying with their feet to the fire. That is a great blunder. Always keep your shoulders and back warm, and you will be warm all over. If there are a number of people round one fire, and it is necessary to lie stretched out like the spokes of a wheel, with the fire representing the axle, it is advisable, no doubt, to lie with your head outwards, for it is better to toast your heels than to roast your head; but if there is room to lie lengthways, always do so, and keep your back to the fire. Of course we talked about the moose we had so nearly killed. "My soul and body, sir," says John, "never see such luck in all my life; most as bad as we had two years ago when we was camped away down east by the head of Martin's River. You remember, sir, the night we saw the little fire in the woods close by, when there was no one there to make it. Very curious that was; can't make that out at all. What was it, do you think?"

"Well, John," I said, "I suppose it must have been a piece of dead wood shining."

"Yes, sir; but it did not look like that; most too red and flickering for dead wood."

"Perhaps ghosts making a fire, John," said I.

"Yes, sir, mebbe; some of our people believes in ghosts, sir; very foolish people, some Indians."

"Don't you, John?"

"Oh, no, sir; I never seed no ghosts."

I have seen and heard some curious things, though. I was hunting once with two gentlemen near Rocky River—you know the place well, sir. We were all sitting in the camp: winter-time, sir; pretty late, about bedtime. The gentlemen were drinking their grog, and we was smoking and talking, when we heard some one walking, coming up to the camp. 'Halloa!' says one of the gentlemen, 'who can this be at this time of night?' Well, sir, we stopped talking, and we all heard the man walk up to the door. My soul, sir, we could hear his mocassins crunching on the hard, dry snow quite plain. He walked up to the door, but did not open it, did not speak, did not knock. So, after a little, one of us looked out—*nobody there; nobody there at all, sir.* Next morning there was not a track on the snow—not a track—and no snow fell in the night. Well, sir, we stayed there a fortnight, and most every night we would hear a man in mocassins walk up to the door and stop; and if we looked there was no one there, and he left no tracks in the snow. What was it, do you think, sir?"

"Don't know, John, I am sure," I said, "unless it was some strange effect of wind in the trees."

"Well, sir, I seed a curious thing once. I was hunting with a gentleman—from the old country, I think he was—my word, sir, a long time ago, mebbe thirty years or more. My soul and body, sir, what a sight of moose there was in the woods in those days! and the cariboo run in great herds then; all failing now, sir, all failing. We were following cariboo, right fresh tracks in the snow; we were keeping a sharp look-out, expecting to view them every minute, when I looked up and saw a man standing right between us and where the cariboo had gone. He was not more than two hundred yards off—I could see him quite plain. He had on a cloth cap and a green blanket-coat with a belt round the middle—not a leather belt like we use, sir, but a woollen one like what the Frenchmen uses in Canada. There was braid down the seams of his coat and round the cuffs. I could see the braid quite plain. He had no gun, nor axe, nor nothing in his hands, but just stood there with his hand on his hip, that way, right in the path, doing nothing. 'Our hunting all over, sir,' I said to the gentleman. 'We may as well go home.' 'Why, what is the matter,

John?' says he. 'Why, look at the man there right in the track; he's scared our cariboo, I guess.' Well, sir, he was very mad, the gentleman was, and was for turning right round and going home; but I wanted to go up and speak to the man. He stood there all the time—never moved. I kind of bowed, nodded my head to him, and he kind of nodded his head, bowed just the same way to me. Well, I started to go up to him, when up rose a great fat cow-moose between him and me. 'Look at the moose, captain!' I said. 'Shoot her!' 'Good heavens, John!' he says, 'if I do, I shall shoot the man too!' 'No, no, sir, never mind,' I cried, 'fire at the moose.' Well, sir, he up with the gun, fired, and downed the moose. She just ran a few yards, pitched forward, and fell dead. When the smoke cleared off, the man was gone; could not see him nowheres. 'My soul and body! what's become of the man, captain?' I says. 'Dunno, John; perhaps he is down too,' says he. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'you stop here, and I will go and look; mebbe he is dead, mebbe not quite dead yet.' Well, I went up to the place, and there was nothing there—nothing but a little pine-tree, no man at all. I went all round, sir—no tracks, no sign of a man anywhere on the snow. What was it, do you think, sir, we saw?"

"Well, John," I replied, "I think that was a curious instance of refraction." "Oh, mebbe," says John; "guess I will take a little nap now—moon get up by-and-by;" and in another instant he was fast asleep. Indians have a wonderful faculty for going to sleep. They seem to shut themselves up at will, with a snap like slamming down the lid of a box with a spring, and are fast asleep in a second; and there they will lie, snoring and shivering with cold until you touch or call them, and then they are wide awake in an instant, as if they pressed some knob concealed in their internal mechanism, and flew suddenly open again.

I remember seeing a curious instance of refraction once myself. We were paddling home one evening, old John and I, along a still, deep reach of dead water, gliding dreamily over a surface literally as smooth as a polished mirror. It was evening, and the sun was only just clear of the tree-tops on the western side. Happening to look up, I saw on the eastern side a shadow, a stooping form, glide across the trees about twenty or thirty feet from the ground and disappear. It looked very ghost-like, and for an instant

it startled me. In a few seconds it reappeared, and, the trees growing thicker together and affording a better background, I saw the shadows plainly—two figures in a canoe gliding along in the air, the shadows of John and myself, cast up at an obtuse angle from the surface of the water by the almost level rays of the setting sun.

The Indians soon were comfortably sleeping, and had wandered off into the land of dreams; but I, my nature being vitiated by many years of civilization, could not so easily yield to the wooing of the drowsy god. For some time I lay awake, blinking lazily at the fire, watching flickering forms and fading faces in the glowing embers, speculating idly on the fortunes of the Red Indian race, and on the destinies of the vast continent around me—in memory revisiting many lovely scenes, and going over again in thought the hunting adventures and canoeing voyages of former days. The palmy days of canoeing are past and gone. Time was when fleets of large birch-bark canoes, capable of carrying some tons' weight, navigated the waters of the St. Lawrence, of the Ottawa, and of the great lakes to the mouths of different rivers on the north shore of Lake Superior, where they are met by smaller canoes arriving from the shores of the frozen ocean, from unnamed lakes and unknown rivers, from unexplored regions, from countries inhabited by wild animals and fur-bearing beasts—districts as large as European countries lying unnoticed in the vast territories of British North America.

All that is changed, though a great trade is still carried on by means of these primitive but most useful and graceful boats. Steamers ply upon the lakes and ascend the rivers, the country is being rapidly opened up, wrested from wild nature, and turned into a habitation fit for civilized man. One of the pleasantest canoe voyages I ever made was from Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia, to Fort Garry, situated close to the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River of the North, and near to the shores of Lake Winnipeg. That was but a few years ago; but how all that country has changed since then! Winnipeg was a very small place then, scarcely known to the outside world. I remember I met a family in the steamer on Lake Superior, a lady and gentleman and their children, and when in the course of the conversation it came out that they were going to Winnipeg, I felt almost as much

astonished as if they had told me they were on their way to spend the summer at their country residence at the North Pole. Now Winnipeg has become a flourishing town. The trading post of Fort Garry is submerged and overwhelmed by a mass of civilization; Manitoba is a province, and a growing and prosperous one. One of the finest, if not the very finest, agricultural districts in the world has been opened up to man. It is a district capable of producing the choicest wheat in practically limitless quantities. It is blessed with many advantages, but it also labors under certain disadvantages which must not be overlooked. Three great rivers flow into Lake Winnipeg—the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Winnipeg. The latter river is magnificent, so far as scenery is concerned, but it is full of dangerous rapids, and will never be of any great commercial value to the country. The Red River is navigable for steamers for a distance of six hundred miles. One hundred and eighty-five miles only of its course lie in British territory; the remainder of the distance it traverses the state of Minnesota. The land it drains is rich alluvial prairie. At a distance of forty miles from its mouth it receives the waters of the Assiniboine, a river flowing entirely through British territory; it is said to be navigable for three hundred miles. The two Saskatchewan rise in the Rocky Mountains about thirty miles apart, and pursue slightly diverging courses, till they become separated by a distance of nearly three hundred miles. They then gradually converge again until they join together at a distance of about eight hundred miles from their headwaters, and then, after a united course of nearly three hundred miles, discharge their mingled waters into Lake Winnipeg. With the exception of the last few miles of their course, these rivers are navigable for steamers, the one—that is, the North Saskatchewan—for one thousand, and the south branch for eight hundred miles. Between them, and on each side of them, lies the fertile belt, a virgin soil of any depth. No forests encumber the land. The farmer has but to turn up the soil lying ready waiting for the seed. It is a mistake to suppose that all this great western country is good land; that is nonsense. There is good and there is bad; but it is true that there is little bad and much good. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of acres of the best land in the world are lying there idle,

waiting for man. From the southern boundary of the United States to the South Saskatchewan, there is no such fertile tract as this. It is like a huge oasis lying between the parched pastures of the south and the frozen solitudes of the icy north. Nor is the wheat-growing country confined to the great tract that drains into Lake Winnipeg. If the reader will look at the isothermal line upon a map, he will find that it takes a tremendous sweep northward a little to the west of the centre of the continent, and includes the great Peace River valley, a portion of the Athabaska district, and of the valley of the Mackenzie River. The day will come when wheat will be grown in that country within a very few degrees of the Arctic Circle. Nature has been bountiful to these north-western provinces. The warm breezes from the west waft them prosperity, but it is their northern position which proves the only drawback to them. The chief difficulty is a difficulty of communication. The value of land, in a country where land is plentiful and cheap, depends upon the cost of transporting the produce of the soil to market. The great wheat-producing region I have described is at present tapped by a line of railway running south through the United States. That cannot be called a natural, or altogether a proper outlet. It is not worth while anticipating any serious difficulty between the United States and the British Empire. We may for practical purposes dismiss that contingency from our calculations, as one most unlikely to occur. It is becoming more and more improbable every year as the two nations learn to understand and appreciate each other better. But, at the same time, it is highly inexpedient that the produce of any portion of the British Empire should, in seeking its natural market in other portions of the same empire, be compelled to pass through the territories of another nation. When that produce consists of the first necessary of life, the inexpediency is increased.

There is another line of railway in course of construction which will carry grain from Manitoba to the north shore of Lake Superior, whence it can be transported by ships or barges over the broad waters of the great lakes, and down the majestic current of the St. Lawrence to the ocean. But on this line also there is a difficulty, an obstruction. The waters of that inland sea, Lake Superior, pour themselves into Lake Huron in a boiling, tumultuous flood down the rapid known as

the Sault St. Mary. This rapid is quite impassable, and ships go round it through a canal which is in the State of Michigan. This is a disadvantage to the route, but not a very great one, for the canal is only a few miles in length. A convention, I believe, exists between the Canadian and United States governments, regulating the rates to be charged upon it, and, moreover, there is no engineering difficulty whatever in constructing a canal on the British side of the river. It is true that the canal is closed by ice during the winter months, but free navigation exists during the greater part of the year, and the St. Lawrence is also closed during the winter. Any one looking at a map of British North America will say at once, "But neither of these routes is the natural geographical road in and out of this country. The Hudson's Bay Company long ago discovered and made use of the proper outlet, and the grain of thousands and thousands of fertile acres will find its way to London by the same means, and over the same roads, as the skins of wild animals have been brought to that market." I wish I could think that was true. Then indeed would Manitoba and the great North-West be the most favored country in the world—the earthly paradise of the agriculturist.

Hudson's Bay and the river flowing into it from Lake Winnipeg form the natural gateway to the great North-West, and Lake Winnipeg is the natural centre of distribution and collection for a large portion of that vast region. But there is an icy bolt drawn across the door, barring the way. Lake Winnipeg is a huge lake, an inland sea of some three hundred miles in length and fifty or sixty in breadth. It receives the drainage of the fertile belt through navigable rivers, and it sends off that drainage towards the north through a large river—the Nelson—which pours its waters into Hudson's Bay. The Nelson is, in fact, the continuation of the Saskatchewan. Lake Winnipeg is in the very centre of the continent. If ocean steamers could penetrate to that lake, it would be like despatching a steamer direct from the port of London to the grain elevators of Chicago. It would be even better, for a vessel loading in Lake Winnipeg could take in her grain at the mouth of rivers penetrating to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, navigable for a thousand miles through the richest land of the continent. Cannot this magnificent water system be utilized? I fear not. There are two obstacles which I am afraid

will prove insurmountable. These are, the navigation of Hudson's Straits, and the navigation of the Nelson. Of Hudson's Bay and Straits we can speak with some confidence, for the Hudson's Bay Company have for a long period sent two, and occasionally three, ships every year to their two principal posts on Hudson's Bay; namely, Moose Factory, situated at the head of James Bay, the most southern indentation of Hudson's Bay, and York Factory, which is placed close to the mouth of the Nelson River.

Hudson's Bay is open for four or five months in the year. But Hudson's Straits are not, and there is little comfort in having open water inside in the bay when you cannot reach it, and it is a poor consolation to know that the warm ocean is close to you outside, when you cannot get out. There are years in which the straits are not open for more than two or three weeks. Ships have occasionally failed to force a passage through the straits, and ships have been detained in the bay all the summer, unable to work their way out.

The average duration of open navigation of the straits is about five or six weeks in the year; you cannot depend upon more than that, though it may be open for nearly as many months. Of course the substitution of steam vessels for sailing ships would make considerable difference; but, even supposing steamers adapted to the purpose to be used, it must, I fear, be conceded that the navigation would be precarious, and the open season short. Moreover, the navigation is difficult and peculiar at the best of times, and it is doubtful whether ordinary steam vessels could be used; and problematical whether a trade could possibly be made to pay, requiring especially constructed ships, which would be idle for eight or ten months of the year. So much for the straits—now as to the rivers.

Formerly the Hudson's Bay Company transported all the peltry—that is, furs and skins—collected over a vast area, to Lake Winnipeg. Over that lake it was taken in large boats to Norway House, at the head of the Nelson, and down that river to York Factory at the mouth of it. And all supplies, all the necessities and all the luxuries of life, all that white men and Indians required, were transported up the Nelson to Norway House; thence carried to various parts of the lake, and then disseminated through the land by boats, canoes, and dog-sleighs.

Some time ago the company abandoned

the Nelson, adopted Hayes River, and have used that route ever since. Hayes River is not an outlet of Lake Winnipeg. Properly speaking, it is a small river flowing into Hudson's Bay close to the mouth of the Nelson. But the name, Hayes River, is generally given to that series of lakes and streams which constitutes the route for canoe and boat navigation between Norway House on Lake Winnipeg and York Factory on the sea. In referring to the line of water communication at present in use between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, I shall therefore call it Hayes River. The Hudson's Bay Company use large boats capable of carrying ten tons' burden; so I assume that Hayes River is the better river of the two, and the more easily navigated by vessels of any size.

Hayes River has a course of somewhere about three hundred miles in length. In the course of that three hundred miles there are twenty or thirty portages. That is to say, obstructions occur at average intervals of ten or fifteen miles, so serious as to necessitate the immense labor of dragging over land boats capable of carrying ten tons, and the merchandise within them. That does not sound like a waterway that could be navigated by steamers of any kind—as a matter of fact, Hayes River is a mere boat route. There remains, then, the great Nelson River, the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. The Nelson or Saskatchewan is a first-class river in point of size and volume of water, but it is not navigable. Although the average depth of water for about ninety miles is said to be twenty feet, yet it is stated that there is only ten feet of water at the head of the tideway; a fact which of course entirely precludes ocean steamers from ascending the river. For vessels drawing less than ten feet it is navigable for about a hundred miles; but at that distance from the sea there is a rapid or fall that entirely puts a stop to navigation, and renders it impossible for vessels of light draught to descend the river from the lake to the sea.

I do not suppose that either the Nelson or Hayes River has ever been thoroughly and accurately surveyed, sounded, or reported on by engineers with a view to future navigation; and so wonderful is the way in which man wars against nature by means of engineering skill, that I should be sorry to assert that this route is now, and always will remain, impracticable. But I know that it presents great,

and I fear it presents insuperable, difficulties. It is certain that the Nelson, a river which, as far as the volume of water discharged by it is concerned, ought to be navigable for large ships, is rendered useless and impassable by obstructions which must be of a serious nature, seeing that the Hudson's Bay Company prefer Hayes River to it. Hayes River is merely a boat route, and not even a good one, for it contains, as I have before stated, twenty or thirty portages in some three hundred miles. The fact, therefore, that it is better for large boats than the Nelson, does not lead one to form a very favorable estimate of the latter river.

Even without this direct communication by sea with Europe, Manitoba and the western fertile tract must become one of the most prosperous regions of the earth; and I think it affords a better opening for farming industry at the present time than any other district on the globe. If this route proved practicable, the prosperity of the country would be enormously increased; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the sanguine views of some writers on the subject may not prove fallacious. But until they are demonstrated to be correct, it would be unwise to attach too much importance to them. Disappointed immigrants form but a dejected and heartbroken population, and the strength of a young country was never healthily fostered by delusive hopes, mistaken statements, or thoughtless exaggeration.

I have alluded to this vast fertile region only in connection with the advantages it offers to the grower of wheat, but it must not on that account be supposed that it is unfitted in any way for the raising of stock. On the contrary, it is a vast natural pasture land—the true home and breeding-ground of the American bison, commonly called the buffalo. Formerly a vast herd of buffalo, numbering many millions, wandered through the continent; their range extending from as high as 60° north down to the southern parts of Texas. In winter they moved towards the south, migrating again northward with summer-time.

This vast herd is now entirely broken up, and buffalo are disappearing out of the land. All the Indians on the plains subsist by means of them, living on their flesh, and making houses of their skins. Besides the thousands killed by Indians for food and robes, incredible numbers are slain every year by white hunters for the hides and horns. Owing to this in-

discriminate slaughter, and to the fact that their pastures are cut by railways and intrusive settlements, the herd has become permanently divided into three. One band ranges in British territory about the Saskatchewan, west of Red River settlement; the second over the middle western Territories about the Platte and Republican Rivers, while the third, or southern herd, roams through Texas and the neighboring States. As these the indigenous cattle of the country disappear, their place is to a certain extent taken by the cattle originally imported from Europe. The shaggy-headed, short-horned bison passes from the scene, and with it the painted whooping savage, naked himself, and on a naked horse pursuing his natural prey with bow or spear; and in their place come herds of long-horned, savage-tempered Spanish cattle, tended and driven by men wild to look at, strange of speech, and picturesque in garment, but white men and very different beings from the Indian hunters that came before them. Though Texas may be called the home of the Spanish cattle, and though vast unnumbered herds pasture on its luxuriant grasses, yet States lying further to the north are more suitable for cattle-breeding purposes. A mountainous country, affording, as it does, shelter in winter and some variety of temperature, is better adapted to cattle than the plains, which are either parched by the summer's sun, or covered with the snows of winter.

On the great plains extending west from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, the snow does not lie so deep as it does in districts within the same degrees of latitude, but further to the south, and consequently that country is well adapted by nature for stock-raising. But until means of cheap transportation are provided, it cannot compete with other and less naturally favored regions; it cannot hope to vie with Colorado, Wyoming, and the other States and Territories that include the foot-hills and fertile plains, packs, and valleys that lie within the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains.

So, while the Indians slept, I strayed in thought over hunting-grounds of the past, and marvelled at the changes that had taken place and the greater changes yet to come, till my musings were interrupted by old John, who awoke, sat up, shook his long hair out of his eyes, pulled his old black clay pipe out of his belt, placed a glowing ember in the bowl, and commenced smoking, with that expres-

sive sound, half sigh, half suck, that tells of perfect satisfaction. "Why, old man, what is the matter," I said, "have you been dreaming?" "Yes, sir, I dreamed very hard, very hard indeed, very good dream too; see moose soon, I know—big one too. I see a big ship, with a big hull all black, oh black as pitch. I had a job to get on board, but I *did* get on board. It is all right, you'll get one pretty soon. My shoulders and legs ache awful bad too, sir. I shall be carrying a heavy load of meat soon, I know." It is a curious fact that the strange conceit in "Alice through the Looking-glass," where effects are made to precede their causes, and the queen cries before she has pricked her finger, is actually believed in and recognized as a law of nature by many people. Indians and half-breeds are usually very shy of mentioning their superstitions, for they hate ridicule. If they do speak of them, they affect to laugh at them themselves. Time and again I have heard Indians declare as a joke that they could feel the muscles of their backs ache where the withy rope cuts into them by which they carry a load of moose meat, and declare that it was a sure sign that a moose was shortly to die. But though they affected to laugh, they in their hearts believed thoroughly all they said.

"Well, John," I said, "I hope your dream will come true; but, talking of dreams, what was that story you began to tell me the other day about the bullets?"

"Oh yes, sir, that was a very curious dream, that was; many gentlemen won't believe that story, but it's true though. I was hunting with a gentleman long ago—in the winter-time it was—and as we left the camp after breakfast, he laughed, and asked me what kind of dreams I had in the night. He wanted to know whether we should have any luck, you know, sir. He was a very funny gentleman; he used always to tell the cook at night, 'You give John plenty fat pork for supper, make him dream good.' Well, sir, I told him I had a very curious dream. I thought he fired both barrels at a cariboo, and that I caught both the bullets in my hand and gave them to him. Well, he laughed at that, and said it could not be true, and that I could not dream good anyhow. But I thought to myself, we'll see. So we hunted all day, and in the afternoon came upon a large herd of cariboo out on a lake. We crept up behind some little bushes to within sixty or eighty yards, and then I told the gentle-

man to put on a fresh cap—it was in the old days of muzzle-loaders, you know, sir—and shoot, for I could not get him any nearer. Well, sir, he took a long aim, and fired. The cariboes were all lying down on the ice, you know, sir, and they just jumped up and stood all bunched up together, looking about them. ‘Fire again, sir,’ I said, and he took another steady aim, and fired. Nothing hit, nothing down, away the cariboo went, tails up, not a sign of a wounded one among them. Every now and then they would stop and turn round to see what had scared them, and then off again in a minute. Oh! we might have got plenty more shots, if we had had a rifle like what you have now, sir, but it took some time to load a rifle in those days, especially in winter-time, when a man can scarcely take his fingers out of his mits—and so they got clean away. The gentleman was terribly mad, threw his rifle down, and swore he would never use it again. It seemed to me the shots sounded kind of curious somehow, and I thought I would just go and see where the bullets went to. I had not gone twenty yards, when I found the place where one of them had struck the snow. A little further on I found where it had struck again, and then where it had struck a third time a little further on still. And so it went on hopping in the snow, the jumps getting shorter and shorter each time, and the trail circling round as it went, till finally the track ran along in the snow for a few feet and stopped. And there I found the bullet, picked it up, and put it in my pocket. Well, having got one, I thought I would go and trail the other bullet: I soon found where that had struck. It acted just like the first one, and I picked it up also. So I went back to the gentleman, and as he was loading the gun, I said, kind of indifferent like, ‘Just see if those bullets fit your gun, captain.’ ‘Yes, John,’ he says, ‘and suppose they do, what of that?’ ‘Why, captain,’ says I, ‘those are your bullets, and I picked them up. Now what do you say about my dream?’ Well, he would not believe me until I showed him the marks in the snow, and he found that the bullets fitted his rifle exactly, and then he had to. Lord, sir, I have heard him tell that story scores of times, and he would get quite angry when people would not believe it.”

So we talked and yarned till I grew sleepy and dozed off, somewhat against my will, for the nights are too lovely to waste in sleep. Nothing can exceed the

beauty of these northern nights, a beauty so calm, grand, majestic, almost awful in its majesty, that there exists not a man, I believe, on the face of this earth with a spirit so dulled, or a mind so harassed, that he could withstand its peace-giving power. By day his troubles may be too heavy for him, but the night is more potent than any drug, than any excitement, to steep the soul in forgetfulness. You cannot “bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades,” nor resist the soothing touch of Mother Nature, when she reveals herself in the calm watches of the night, and her presence filters through all the worldly coverings of care, down to the naked soul of man. It is a wonderful and strange experience to lie out under the stars in the solemn, silent darkness of the forest, to watch the constellations rise and set, to lie there gazing up through the branches of the grand old trees, which have seen another race dwell beneath their boughs and pass away, whose age makes the little fretful life of man seem insignificantly small; gazing up at planet after planet, sun beyond sun, into the profundity of space, till this tiny speck in the universe, this little earth, with all its discontent and discord, its wrangling races, its murmuring millions of men, dwindles into nothing, and the mind looks out so far beyond, that it falls back stunned with the vastness of the vision which looms overwhelmingly before it.

The earth sleeps. A silence that can be felt has fallen over the woods. The stars begin to fade. A softer and stronger light wells up and flows over the scene as the broad moon slowly floats above the tree-tops, shining white upon the birch-trees, throwing into black shadow the sombre pines, dimly lighting up the barren, and revealing grotesque, ghost-like forms of stunted fir and grey rock. The tree-trunks stand out distinct in the lessening gloom; the dark pine-boughs overhead seem to stoop caressingly towards you. Amid a stillness that is terrifying, man is not afraid. Surrounded by a majesty that is appalling, he shrinks not, nor is he dismayed. In a scene of utter loneliness he feels himself not to be alone. A sense of companionship, a sensation of satisfaction, creep over him. He feels at one with Nature, at rest in her strong, protecting arms.

As soon as the moon was high enough to shed a good light, Noel and I walked down to a little point of woods jutting out into the barren to call. Putting the birch-bark caller to his lips, Noel imitated the

long-drawn, wailing cry of the moose, and then we sat down wrapped in our blankets, patiently to listen and to wait. No answer, perfect stillness prevailed. Presently, with a strange, rapidly approaching rush, a gang of wild geese passed, clanging overhead, their strong pinions whirring in the still air. After pausing about half an hour Noel called again, and this time we heard a faint sound that made our hearts jump. We listened intently and heard it again. It was only an owl a long way off calling to its mate in the woods. After a while we heard a loon's melancholy, quavering scream on the lake, taken up by two or three other loons. "Something frightens the loons," whispers Noel to me. "Mebbe moose coming. I will try another call;" and again the cry of the moose rolled across the barren, and echoed back from the opposite wood. "Hark!" says Noel, "what's that? I hear him right across the wood there," and in truth we could just make out the faint call of a bull moose miles away. The sound got rapidly nearer, he was coming up quickly, when we heard a second moose advancing to meet him. They answered each other for a little while, and then they ceased speaking, and the forest relapsed into silence, so deathlike that it was hard to believe that it ever had been or could be broken by any living thing. Nothing more was heard for a long time; not a sound vibrated through the frosty stillness of the air, till suddenly it was rudely broken by a crash like a dead tree falling in the forest, followed by a tremendous racket; sticks cracking, hoofs pawing the ground, horns thrashing against bushes.

There the moose fought at intervals for about two hours, when the noise ceased as suddenly as it began, and after a pause we heard one bull coming straight across the barren to us, speaking as he came along.

The moose arrived within about fifty or sixty yards of us. We could dimly see him in the dark shadow of an island of trees. In another second he would have been out in the moonlight if we had left him alone, but Noel, in his anxiety to bring him up, called like a bull, and the moose, who had probably had enough of fighting for one night, turned right round and went back again across the barren. We did not try any more calling, but made up our fire and lay down till daylight.

The next night, or rather on the morning after, we called up two moose after sunrise, but failed from various

causes in getting a shot, but on the day succeeding that I killed a very large bull. We had called without any answer all night, and were going home to the principal camp about ten in the day, when we heard a cow call. It was a dead calm, and the woods were very noisy, dry as tinder, and strewn with crisp, dead leaves, but we determined to try and creep up to her. I will not attempt to describe how we crept up pretty near, and waited, and listened patiently for hours, till we heard her again, and fixed the exact spot where she was: how we crept and crawled, inch by inch, through bushes, and over dry leaves and brittle sticks till we got within sight and easy shot of three moose—a big bull, a cow, and a two-year-old. Suffice it to say, that the big bull died; he paid the penalty. Female loquacity cost him his life. If his lovely but injudicious companion could have controlled her feminine disposition to talk, that family of moose would still have been roaming the woods, happy and united.

I have wandered over a wide field in this paper, but there are still many things which I should like to have brought before the reader if there had been sufficient space—say a number or two of the *Nineteenth Century*—I should like to have given him one run with buffalo on the plains, and one really good exciting gallop after a herd of great Wapiti deer among the sand-hills of Nebraska. I would fain have asked him to follow me to Estes Park in Colorado, during a fourteen hours' stalk after the "biggest mountain sheep that ever was seen," and to try in the same locality for grizzlies feeding on heaps of locusts, just under the snow-line on the range. I wish I could have described a mountain lion which I once saw in the middle of a warm summer's night in Estes Park, when I was lying awake in bed, and which I pursued some distance in the costume peculiar to that part of the four-and-twenty hours usually devoted to sleep. I might have carried him with me to Newfoundland, to stalk cariboo on the great barrens, and taken him on snow-shoes in the winter to track moose upon the hard-wood ridges, when the forest is more glorious perhaps even than in the fall. I could have shown him glimpses of primitive life among the French-speaking "habitants" of Lower Quebec, and the simple Celtic, Gaelic-speaking population of eastern Nova Scotia; and given him a peep into lumber camps, and birch-bark wigwams, and talked much to him about Indians—that

strange race, which, even when it shall have entirely disappeared, will have left an enduring mark behind it. Civilized nations have passed and left no sign; but the Indian will be remembered by two things at least; the birch-bark canoe, which no production of the white man can equal for strength, lightness, gracefulness, sea-going qualities, and carrying capacity; and the snow-shoe, which appears to be perfect in its form and, like a violin, incapable of development or improvement. There are three inventions which the ingenuity of man seems to be unable to improve upon, and two of them are the works of savages, namely, the violin, snow-shoes, and birch-bark canoes. My subject is, however, a large one, and since I must stop somewhere, it may as well, perhaps, be here.

DUNRAVEN.

From *The Argosy*.

VERENA FONTAINE'S REBELLION.

BY JOHNNY LUDLOW.

THE dwellings in Ship Street, Tower Hill, may be regarded as desirable residences by the young merchant-seamen whose vessels are lying in the neighboring docks, but they certainly do not possess much attraction for the general eye.

Seated in Edward Pym's parlor, the features of the room gradually impressed themselves upon my mind, and they remain there still. They would have remained, I think, without the dreadful tragedy that was so soon to take place in it. It was weary work waiting. Captain Tanerton, tired with his long and busy day, was nodding asleep in the opposite chair, and I had nothing to do but look about me.

It was a small room, rather shabby, the paper of a greenish cast, the faded carpet originally red; and the bedroom behind, as much as could be seen of it through the half-open door, looked smaller and poorer. The chairs were horsehair, the small table in the middle had a purple cloth on it, on which stood the lamp, that the landlady had just lighted. A carved ivory ornament, representing a procession of priests and singers, probably a present to Mrs. Richenough from some merchant-captain, stood under a glass-shade on a bracket against the wall; the mantelpiece was garnished with a looking-glass and some china shepherds and shepherdesses. A monkey-jacket of Pym's lay across the

back of a chair; some books and his small desk were on the chiffonier. In the rooms above, as we learned later, lodged a friend of Pym's, one Alfred Saxby, who was looking out for a third mate's berth.

At last Pym came in. Uncommonly surprised he seemed to see us sitting there, but not at all put out: he thought the captain had come down on some business connected with the ship. Jack quietly opened the ball; saying what he had to say.

"Yes, sir, I do know where Miss Verena Fontaine is, but I decline to say," was Pym's answer when he had listened.

"No, sir; nothing will induce me to say," he added to further remonstrance, "and you cannot compel me. I am under your authority at sea, Captain Tanerton, but I am not on shore — and not at all in regard to my private affairs. Miss Verena Fontaine is under the protection of friends, and that is quite enough."

Enough or not enough, this was the utmost we could get from him. His captain talked, and he talked, each of them in a civilly cold way; but nothing more satisfactory came of it. Pym wound up by saying the young lady was his cousin and he could take care of her without being interfered with.

"Do you trust him, Johnny Ludlow?" asked Jack, as we came away.

"I don't trust him on the whole; not a bit of it. But he seems to speak truth in saying she is with friends."

And, as the days went on, bringing no tidings of Verena, Sir Dace Fontaine grew angry as a raging tiger.

When a ship is going out of dock, she is more coquettish than a beauty in her teens. Not in herself, but in her movements. Advertised to sail to-day, you will be told she'll not start until to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes the departure will be put off until the next day, perhaps to the next week.

Thus it was with the "Rose of Delhi." From some uncompromising exigencies, whether connected with the cargo, the crew, the brokers, or any other of the unknown mysteries pertaining to ships, the day that was to have witnessed her departure — Thursday — did not witness it. The brokers, Freeman and Co., let it transpire on board that she would go out of dock the next morning. About mid-day Captain Tanerton presented himself at their office in Eastcheap.

"I shall not sail to-morrow — with your permission," said he to Mr. James Freeman.

"Yes, you will—if she's ready," returned the broker. "Gould says she will be."

"Gould may think so; I do not. But, whether she be ready or not, Mr. Freeman, I don't intend to take her out to-morrow."

The words might be decisive words, but the captain's tone was genial as he spoke them, and his frank, pleasant smile sat on his face. Mr. Freeman looked at him. They valued Captain Tanerton as they perhaps valued no other master in their employ, these brothers Freeman; but James had a temper that was especially happy in contradiction.

"I suppose you'd like to say that you won't go out on a Friday!"

"That's just it," said Jack.

"You are superstitious, Captain Tanerton," mocked the broker.

"I am not," answered Jack. "But I sail with those who are. Sailors are more foolish on this point than you can imagine; and I believe—I believe in my conscience—that ships, sailing on a Friday, have come to grief through their crew losing heart. No matter what impediment is met with—bad weather, accidents, what not—the men say at once it's of no use, we sailed on a Friday. They lose their spirit, and their energy with it; and I say, Mr. Freeman, that vessels have been lost through this, which might have otherwise been saved. I will not go out of dock to-morrow; and I refuse to do it in your interest as much as in my own."

"Oh, bother," was all James Freeman rejoined. "You'll have to go if she's ready."

But the words made an impression. James Freeman knew what sailors were nearly as well as Jack knew; and he could not help recalling to memory that beautiful ship of Freeman Brothers, the "Lily of Japan." The "Lily" had been lost only six months ago; and those of her crew who were saved religiously stuck to it that the calamity was brought about through having sailed on a Friday.

The present question did not come to an issue. For, on the Friday morning, the "Rose of Delhi" was not ready for sea; would not be ready that day. On the Saturday morning she was not ready either; and it was finally decided that Monday should be the day of departure. On the Saturday afternoon Captain Tanerton ran down to Timberdale for four-and-twenty hours; Squire Todhertley, his visit to London over, travelling down by the same train.

Verena Fontaine had not yet turned up, and Sir Dace was nearly crazy. Not only was he angry at being thwarted, but one absorbing, special fear lay upon him—that she would come back a married woman. Pym was capable of any sin, he told the squire and Coralie, even of buying the wedding-ring; and Verena was capable of letting it be put on her finger. "No, papa," dissented Coralie in her equable manner, "Vera is too fond of money, and of the good things money buys, to risk the loss of the best part of her fortune. She will not marry Pym until she is of age; be sure of that. When he has sailed she will come home safe and sound, and tell us where she has been."

Captain Tanerton went down, I say, to Timberdale. He stayed at the rectory with his wife and brother until the Sunday afternoon, and then returned to London. The "Rose of Delhi" was positively going out on Monday, so he had to be back—and, I may as well say here, that Jack, good natured Jack, had invited me to go in her as far as Gravesend.

During that brief stay at Timberdale, Jack was not in his usual spirits. His wife, Alice, noticed it, and asked him whether anything was the matter. Not anything whatever, Jack readily answered. In truth there was not. At least anything he could talk of. A weight lay on his spirits, and he could not account for it. The strong instinct, which had seemed to warn him against sailing with Pym again, had gradually left him since he knew that Pym was to sail, whether or not. In striving to make the best of it, he had thrown off the feeling; and the unaccountable depression that weighed him down could not arise from that cause. It was a strange thing altogether, this; one that never, in all his life, had he had any experience of; but it was not less strange than true.

Monday. The "Rose of Delhi" lay in her place in the freshness of the sunny morning, making ready to go out of dock with the incoming tide. I went on board betimes; and I thought I had never been in such a bustling scene before. The sailors knew what they were about, I conclude, but to me it seemed all confusion. The captain I could not see anywhere; but his chief officer, Pym, seemed to be more busy than a certain common enemy of ours is said to be in a gale of wind.

"Is the captain not on board?" I asked of Mark Ferrar, as he was whisking past me on deck.

"Oh no, sir; not yet. The captain will not come on board till the last moment — if he does then."

The words took me by surprise. "What do you mean, by saying 'if he does then'?"

"He has so much to do, sir; he is at the office now, signing the bills of lading. If he can't get done in time he will join at Gravesend when we take on some passengers. The captain is not wanted on board when we are going out of dock, Mr. Johnny," added Ferrar, seeing my perplexed look. "The river-pilot takes the ship out."

He pointed to the latter personage, just then making his appearance on deck. I wondered whether all river-pilots were like him. He was broad enough to make two ordinary stout people; and his voice, from long continuous shouting, had become nothing less than a raven's croak.

At the last moment, when the ship was getting away, and I had given the captain up, he came on board. How glad I was to see his handsome, kindly face!

"I've had a squeak for it, Johnny," he laughed, as he shook my hand; "but I meant to go down with you if I could."

Then came all the noise and stir of getting away; the croaking of the pilot alone distinguishable to my uninitiated ears. "Slack away the stern-line" — he called it stern. "Haul in head-ropes." "Here, carpenter, bear a hand, get the cork-fender over the quarter-gallery." "What are you doing aft there? — why don't you slack away that stern-line?" Every other moment it seemed to me that we were going to pitch into the craft in the pool, or they into us. However, we got on without mishap.

Captain Tanerton was crossing the ship, after holding a confab with the pilot, when a young man, whom he did not recognize, stepped aside out of his way, and touched his cap. The captain looked surprised, for the badge on the cap was the one worn by his own officers.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Mr. Saxby, if you please, sir."

"Mr. Saxby! What do you do here?"

"Third mate, if you please, sir," repeated the young man. "Your third mate, Mr. Jones, met with an accident yesterday; he broke his leg; and my friend, Pym, spoke of me to Mr. Gould."

Captain Tanerton was not only surprised, but vexed. First, for the accident to Jones, who was a very decent young fellow; next, at his being superseded by a stranger, and a friend of Pym's. He

put a few questions, found the new man's papers were in order, and so made the best of it.

"You will find me a good and considerate master, Mr. Saxby, if you do your duty with a will," he said in a kind tone.

"I hope I shall, sir; I'll try to," answered the young man.

On we went swimmingly, in the wake of the tug-boat; but this desirable tranquillity was ere long destined to be marred.

On coming up from the stateroom, as they called it, after regaling ourselves on a cold collation, the captain was pointing out to me something on shore, when one of the crew approached hastily, and touched his cap. I found it was the carpenter: a steady-looking man, who was fresh to the ship, having joined her half an hour before starting.

"Beg pardon, sir," he began. "Might I ask you when this ship was pumped out last?"

"Why, she is never pumped out," replied the captain.

"Well, sir," returned the man, "it came into my head just now to sound her, and I find there's two feet of water in the hold."

"Nonsense," said Jack: "you must be mistaken. Why, she has never made a cupful of water since she was built. We have to put water in her to keep her sweet."

"Anyway, sir, there's two feet o' water in her now."

The captain looked at the man steadily for a moment, and then thought it might be as well to verify the assertion — or the contrary — himself, being a practical man. Taking the sounding-rod from the carpenter's hand, he wiped it dry with an old bag lying near, and then proceeded to sound the well. Quite true: there were two feet of water. No time lost he. Ordering the carpenter to rig the pumps, he called all hands to man them.

For a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, the pumps were worked without intermission; then the captain sounded, as before, doing it himself. There was no diminution of water — it stood at the same level as before pumping. Upon that, he and the carpenter went down into the hold, to listen along the ship's sides, and discover, if they could, where the water was coming in. Five minutes later, Jack was on deck again, his face grave.

"It is coming in abreast of the main hatchway on the starboard side; we can

hear it distinctly," he said to the pilot. "I must order the ship back again: I think it right to do so." And the broad pilot, who seemed a very taciturn pilot, made no demur to this, except a grunt. So the tug-boat was ordered to turn round and tow us back again.

"Where's Mr. Pym?" cried the captain. "Mr. Pym!"

"Mr. Pym's in the cabin, sir," said the steward, who chanced to be passing.

"In the cabin!" echoed Jack, in an accent that seemed to imply the cabin was not Mr. Pym's proper place just then. "Send him to me if you please, steward."

"Yes, sir," replied the steward. But he did not obey with the readiness exacted on board ship. He hesitated, as if wanting to say something before turning away.

No Pym came. Jack grew impatient, and called out an order or two. Young Saxby came up, touching his cap, according to rule.

"Do you want me, sir?"

"I want Mr. Pym. He is below. Ask him to come to me instantly."

It brought forth Pym. Jack's head was turned away for a moment, and I saw what he did not. That Pym had a fiery face, and walked as if his limbs were slipping from under him.

"Oh, you are here at last, Mr. Pym—did you not receive my first message?" cried Jack, turning round. "The cargo must be broken out to find the place of leakage. See about it smartly: there's no time to waste."

Pym had caught hold of something at hand to enable him to stand steady. He had lost his wits, that was certain; for he stuttered out an answer to the effect that the cargo might be—hanged.

The captain saw his state then. Feeling a need of renovation possibly, after his morning's exertions, Mr. Pym had been making free, a great deal too much so, with the bottled ale below, and had finished up with brandy and water.

The cargo might be hanged!

Captain Tanerton, his brow darkening, spoke a sharp, short, stern reprimand, and ordered Mr. Pym to his cabin.

What could have possessed Pym, unless it might be the spirit that was in the brandy, nobody knew. He refused to obey, broke into open defiance, and gave Captain Tanerton sauce to his face.

"Take him below," said the captain quietly, to those who were standing round. "Mr. Ferrar, you will lock Mr. Pym's

cabin door, if you please, and bring me the key."

This was done, and Mr. Pym encaged. He kicked at his cabin door, and shook it; but he could not escape: he was a prisoner. He swore for a little while at the top of his voice; then he commenced some uproarious singing, and finally fell on his bed and went to sleep.

Hands were set to work to break out the cargo, which they piled on deck; and the source of the leakage was discovered. It seemed a slight thing, after all, to have caused so much commotion—nothing but an old treenail that had not been properly plugged up. I said so to Ferrar.

"Ah, Mr. Johnny," was Ferrar's answering remark, his face and tone strangely serious, "slight as it may seem to you, it might have sunk us all this night, had we chanced to anchor off Gravesend."

II.

WHAT with the pumps, that were kept at work, and the shifting of the cargo, and the hammering they made in stopping up the leak, we had enough to do this time. And about half past three o'clock in the afternoon the brave ship, which had gone out so proudly with the tide, got back ignominiously with the end of it, and came to an anchor outside the graving-dock, there not being sufficient water to allow of her entering it. The damage was already three parts repaired, and the ship would make her final start on the morrow.

"'Twas nothing but a good Providence could have put it into my head to sound the ship, sir," remarked the carpenter, wiping his hot face, as he came on deck for something or other he needed. "But for that, we might none of us have seen the morning's sun."

Jack nodded. These special interpositions of God's good care are not rare, though we do not always recognize them. And yet, but for that return back, the miserable calamity so soon to fall, would not have had the chance to take place.

Captain Tanerton caused himself to be rowed ashore, first of all ordering the door of his prisoner to be unfastened. I got into the waterman's wherry with him, for I had nothing to stay on board for. And a fine ending it was to my day's pleasuring!

"Never mind, Johnny," he said, as we parted. "You can come with us again to-morrow, and I hope we shall have a more lucky start."

Captain Tanerton went straight to the brokers', saw Mr. James Freeman, and told him he would *not* take out Edward Pym. If he did, the man's fate would probably be that of irons from Gravesend to Calcutta.

And James Freeman, a thorough foe to brandy and water when taken at wrong times, listened to reason, and gave not a word of dissent. He there and then made Ferrar chief mate, and put another one second in Ferrar's place; a likely young man in their employ who was waiting for a berth. This perfectly satisfied Captain Tanerton, under the circumstances.

The captain was then rowed back to his ship. By that time it was five o'clock. He told Ferrar of the change; who thanked him heartily, a glow of satisfaction rising to his honest face.

"Where's Pym?" asked the captain. "He must take his things out of the ship."

"Pym is not on board, sir. Soon after you left, he came up and went ashore: he seemed to have pretty nearly slept off the drink. Sir Dace Fontaine is below," added Ferrar, dropping his voice.

"Sir Dace Fontaine! Does he want me?"

"He wanted Mr. Pym, sir. He has been looking into every part of the ship: he is looking still. He fancies his daughter is concealed on board."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the captain; "he can't fancy that. As if Miss Fontaine would come down here — and board ships!"

"She was on board yesterday, sir."

"What!" cried the captain.

"Mr. Pym brought her on board yesterday afternoon, sir," continued Ferrar, his voice as low as it could well go. "He was showing her about the ship."

"How do you know this, Mr. Ferrar?"

"I was here, sir. Expecting to sail last week, I sent my traps on board. Yesterday, wanting a memorandum-book out of my desk, I came down for it. That's how I saw them."

Captain Tanerton, walking forward to meet Sir Dace, knitted his brow. Was Mr. Pym drawing the careless, light-headed girl into mischief? Sir Dace evidently thought so.

"I tell you, Captain Tanerton, she is quite likely to be on board, concealed as a stow-away," persisted Sir Dace, in answer to the captain's assurance that Verena was not, and could not be in the ship. "When you are safe away from land, she will come out of hiding and they

will declare their marriage. That they are married, is only too likely. He brought her on board yesterday afternoon when the ship was lying in St. Katharine's Dock."

"Do you know that he did?" cried Jack, wondering whence Sir Dace got his information.

"I am told so. As I got up your ladder just now I enquired of the first man I saw, whether a young lady was on board. He said no, but that a young lady had come on board with Mr. Pym yesterday afternoon to see the ship. The man was your ship-keeper in dock."

"How did you hear we had got back to-day, Sir Dace?"

"I came down this afternoon to search the ship before she sailed — I was under a misapprehension as to the time of her going out. The first thing I heard was, that the 'Rose of Delhi' had gone and had come back again. Pym is capable, I say, of taking Verena out."

"You may be easy on this point, Sir Dace," returned Jack. "Pym does not go out in the ship: he is superseded." And he gave the heads of what had occurred.

It did not tend to please Sir Dace. Edward Pym on the high seas would be a less formidable adversary than Edward Pym on land; and perhaps in his heart of hearts Sir Dace did not really believe his daughter would become a stow-away.

"Won't you help me to find her? to *save* her?" gasped Sir Dace, in pitiful entreaty.

"With this change — Pym not going out — I know not what trouble he may not draw her into. Coralie says Verena is not married; but I — Heaven help me! I know not what to think. I must find Pym this night and watch his movements, and find her if I can. You must help me."

"I will help you," said warm-hearted Jack — and he clasped hands upon it. "I will undertake to find Pym. And that your daughter is not on board, Sir Dace, I pass you my word."

Sir Dace stepped into the wherry again, to be rowed ashore and get home to his dinner — ordered that evening for six o'clock. In a short while Jack also quitted the ship, and went to Pym's lodgings in Ship Street. Pym was not there.

Mr. Pym had come in that afternoon, said his landlady, Mrs. Richenough, and startled her out of her seven senses; for, knowing the ship had left with the day's tide, she had supposed Mr. Pym to be then off Gravesend, or thereabouts. He told her the ship had sprung a leak and

put back again. Mr. Pym had gone out, she added, after drinking a potful of strong tea.

"To sober him," thought the captain. "Do you expect him back to sleep, Mrs. Richenough?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I took the sheets off his bed this morning, and I've just been and put 'em on again. Mr. Saxby's must be put on too, for he looked in to say he should sleep here."

Where to search for Pym, Jack did not know. Possibly he might have gone back to the ship to offer an apology, now that he was sobered. Jack was bending his steps towards it when he met Ferrar, who told him Pym had not gone back.

Jack put on his considering-cap. He hardly knew what to do, or how to find the fugitives: with Sir Dace, he deemed it highly necessary that Verena should be found.

"Have you anything particular to do to-night, Mr. Ferrar?" he suddenly asked. And Ferrar said he had not.

"Then," continued the captain, "I wish you would search for Pym." And, knowing Ferrar was thoroughly trustworthy, he whispered a few confidential words of Sir Dace Fontaine's fear and trouble. "I am going to look for him myself," added Jack, "though I'm sure I don't know in what quarter. If you do come across him, keep him within view. You can tell him also that his place on the 'Rose of Delhi' is filled up, and he must take his things out of her."

Altogether that had been a somewhat momentous day for Mr. Alfred Saxby — and its events for him were not over yet. He had been appointed to a good ship, and the ship had made a false start, and was back again. An uncle and aunt of his lived at Clapham, and he thought he could not do better than go down there and regale them with the news: we all naturally burn to impart marvels to the world, you know. However, when he reached his relatives' residence, he found they were out; and not long after nine o'clock he was back at Mrs. Richenough's.

"Is Mr. Pym in?" he asked of the landlady; who came forward rubbing her eyes as though she were sleepy, and gave him his candle.

"Oh, he have been in some little time, sir. And a fine row he's been having with his skipper," added Mrs. Richenough, who sometimes came off the high ropes of politeness when she had disposed of her supper beer.

"A row, has he!" returned Saxby. "Does not like to have been superseded," he added to himself. "I must say Pym was a fool to-day — to go and drink, as he did, and to sauce the master."

"Screeching out at one another like mad, they've been," pursued Mrs. Richenough. "He do talk stern, that skipper, for a young man and a good-looking one."

"Is the captain in there now?"

"For all I know: I did think I heard the door shut, but it might have been my fancy. Good-night, sir. Pleasant dreams."

Leaving the candle in Saxby's hands, she returned to her kitchen, which was built out at the back. He halted at the parlor door to listen. No voices were to be heard then; no sounds.

"Pym may have gone to bed — I dare say his head aches," thought Saxby; and he opened the door to see whether the parlor was empty.

Why! what was it? — what was the matter? The young man took one startled look around and then put down the candle, his heart leaping into his mouth.

The lamp on the table threw its bright light on the little room. Some scuffle appeared to have taken place in it. A chair was overturned; the ivory ornament with its glass shade had been swept from its stand to the floor: and by its side lay Edward Pym — dead.

Mr. Alfred Saxby, third mate of that good ship, the "Rose of Delhi," might be a sufficiently self-possessed individual when encountering sudden surprises at sea; but he certainly did not show himself to be one on shore. When the state of affairs had sufficiently impressed itself on his startled senses, he burst out of the room in mortal terror, shouting out "murder."

There was nobody in the house to hear him but Mrs. Richenough. She came forward, slightly overcome by drowsiness; but the sight she saw woke her up effectually.

"Good mercy!" cried she, running to the prostrate man. "Is he dead?"

"He looks dead," shivered Mr. Saxby, hardly knowing whether he was not dead himself.

They raised Pym's head, and put a pillow under it. The landlady wrung her hands.

"We must have a doctor," she cried: "but I can see he is dead. This comes of that quarrel with his captain: I heard them raving frightfully at one another. There has been a scuffle here — see that

chair. Oh! and look at my beautiful ivory knocked down!—and the shade all broke to atoms!"

"I'll fetch Mr. Ferrar," cried Saxby, feeling himself rather powerless to act; and with nobody to aid him but the gabbling woman.

Like mad, Saxby tore up the street, burst in at Mark Ferrar's open door and went full butt against Mark himself; who was at the moment turning quickly out of it.

"Take care, Saxby. What are you about?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake do come, Mr. Ferrar! Pym is dead. He is lying dead on the floor."

The first thing Ferrar did was to scan his junior officer narrowly, wondering whether he could be quite sober. Yes, he seemed to be that; but agitated to trembling, and his face as pale as death. The next minute Ferrar was bending over Pym. Alas, he saw too truly that life was extinct.

"It's his skipper that has done it, sir," repeated the landlady.

"Hush, Mrs. Richenough!" rebuked Ferrar. "Captain Tanerton has not done this."

"But I heard 'em screeching and howling at one another, sir," persisted Mrs. Richenough. "Their quarrel must have come to blows."

"I do not believe it," dissented Ferrar. "Captain Tanerton would not be capable of anything of the kind. Fight with a man who has served under him!—you don't understand things, Mrs. Richenough."

Saxby had run for the nearest medical man. Ferrar ran to find his captain. He knew that Captain Tanerton intended to put up at a small hotel in the Minorities for the night.

To this hotel went Ferrar, and found Captain Tanerton. Tired with his evening's search after Pym, the captain was taking some refreshment, before going up to Sir Dace Fontaine's—which he had promised, in Sir Dace's anxiety, to do. He received Ferrar's report—that Pym was dead—with incredulity; did not appear to believe it: but he betrayed no embarrassment, or any other guilty sign.

"Why, I came straight here from Pym," he observed. "It's hardly twenty minutes since I left him. He was all right then—except that he had been having more drink."

"Old Mother Richenough says, sir, that Pym and you had a loud quarrel."

"Says that, does she," returned the captain carelessly. "Her ears must have deceived her, Mr. Ferrar."

"A quarrel and fight she says, sir. I told her I knew better."

Captain Tanerton took his cap and started with Ferrar for Ship Street, plunging into a reverie. Presently he began to speak—as if he wished to account for his own movements.

"When you left me, Mr. Ferrar, you know"—and here he exchanged a significant glance with his new first mate—"I went on to Ship Street, and took a look at Pym's room. A lamp was shining on the table, and his landlady had the window open, closing the shutters. This gave me an opportunity of seeing inside. Pym I saw; but not—not any one else."

Again Captain Tanerton's tone was significant. Ferrar appeared to understand it perfectly. It looked as though they had some secret understanding between them which they did not care to talk of openly. The captain resumed.

"After fastening the shutters, Mrs. Richenough came to the door—for a breath of air, she remarked, as she saw me; and she positively denied, in answer to my questions, that any young lady was there. Mr. Pym had never had a young lady come after him at all, she protested, whether sister or cousin, or what not."

"Yes, sir," said Ferrar: for the captain had paused.

"I went in, and spoke to Pym. But I saw in a moment that he had been drinking again. He was not in a state to be reasoned with, or talked to. I asked him but one question, and asked it civilly: would he tell me where Verena Fontaine was. Pym replied in an unwilling tone; he was evidently sulky. Verena Fontaine was at home again with her people; and he had not been able, for that reason, to see her. Thinking the ship had gone away, and he with it, Verena had returned home early in the afternoon. That was the substance of his answer."

"But I—I don't know whether that account can be true, sir," hesitated Ferrar. "I was not sure, you know, sir, that it was the young lady; I said so—"

"Yes, yes, I understood that," interrupted the captain quickly. "Well, it was what Pym said to me," he added, after a pause: "one hardly knows what to believe. However, she was not there, so far as I could ascertain and judge; and I left Pym and came up here to my hotel. I was not two minutes with him."

"Then—did no quarrel take place,

sir?" cried Ferrar, thinking of the landlady's story.

"Not an angry word."

At this moment, as they were turning into Ship Street, Saxby, who seemed completely off his head, ran full tilt against Ferrar. It was all over, he cried out in excitement, as he turned back with them: the doctor pronounced Pym to be really dead.

"It is a dreadful thing," said the captain. "And, seemingly, a mysterious one."

"Oh, it is dreadful," asserted young Saxby. "What will poor Miss Verena do? I saw her just now," he added, dropping his voice.

"Saw her where?" asked the captain, taking a step backwards.

"In the place where I've just met you, sir," replied Saxby. "I was running past round the corner into the street, on my way home from Clapham, when a young lady met and passed me, going pretty nearly as quick as I was. She had her face muffled in a black veil, but I am nearly sure it was Miss Verena Fontaine. I thought she must be coming from Pym's lodgings here."

Captain Tanerton and his chief mate exchanged glances of intelligence under the light of the street gas-lamp. The former then turned to Saxby.

"Mr. Saxby," said he, "I would advise you not to mention this little incident. It would not, I am sure, be pleasant to Miss Verena Fontaine's friends to hear of it. And, after all, you are not sure that it was she."

"Very true, sir," replied Saxby. "I'll not speak of it again."

"You hear, sir," answered Ferrar softly, as Saxby stepped on to open the house door. "This seems to bear out what I said. And, by the way, sir, I also saw—"

"Hush!" cautiously interrupted the captain—for they had reached the door, and Mrs. Richenough stood at it.

And what Mr. Ferrar further saw, whatever it might be, was not heard by Captain Tanerton. There was no present opportunity for private conversation; and Ferrar was away in the morning with the "Rose of Delhi."

III.

AFTER parting with Captain Tanerton on leaving the ship, I made my way to the Mansion House, took an omnibus to Covent Garden, and called at the Tavistock to tell Mr. Brandon of the return of the ship. Mr. Brandon kept me to din-

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ner. About eight o'clock I left him, and went to the Marylebone Road to see the Fontaines. Coralie was in the drawing-room alone.

"Is it you, Johnny Ludlow!" she gaily cried, when old Ozias showed me in. "You are as welcome as flowers in May. Here I am, without a soul to speak to. You must have a game at chess with me."

"Your sister is not come home, then?"

"Not she. I thought it likely she would come, as soon as the ship's head was turned seaward—I told you so. But she has not. And now the ship's back again, I hear. A fine time you must have had of it!"

"We just had. But how did you know?"

"From papa. Papa betook himself to the docks this afternoon, to assure himself, I presume, that the 'Rose of Delhi' was gone. And my belief is, Johnny, that he will work himself into a nervous fever," Coralie broke off to say, in her equable way, as she helped me to place the pieces. "When he got there, he found the ship was back again. This put him out a little, as you may judge; and something else put him out more. He heard that Vera went on board with Pym yesterday afternoon when the ship was lying in St. Katharine's Docks. Upon that, what notion do you suppose he took up?—I have first move, don't I?"

"Certainly. What notion did he take up?" The reader must remember that I knew nothing of Sir Dace's visit to the ship.

"Why, that Vera might be resolving to convert herself into a stow-away, and go out with Pym and the ship. Poor papa! He went searching all over the vessel. He must be off his head."

"Verena would not do that."

"Do it!" retorted Coralie. "She'd be no more likely to do it than to go up a chimney, as the sweeps do. I told papa so. He brought me this news when he came home to dinner. And he might just as well have stayed away, for all he ate."

Coralie paused to look at her game. I said nothing.

"He could only drink. It was as if he had a fierce thirst upon him. When the sweets came on, he left the table and shut himself in his little library. I sent Ozias to ask if he would have a cup of tea or coffee made; papa swore at poor Ozias, and locked the door upon him. When Verena does appear I'd not say but he'll beat her."

"No, no: not that."

"But I tell you he is off his head. He is still shut up; and nobody dare go near him when he gets into a fit of temper. It is so silly of papa! Verena is all right. But this disobedience, you see, is something new to him."

"You can't move that bishop. It leaves your king in check."

"So it does. The worst item of news remains behind," added Coralie. "And that is that Pym does not sail with the ship."

"I should not think he would now. Captain Tanerton would not take him."

"Papa told me Captain Tanerton had caused him to be superseded. Was Pym very much the worse for what he took, Johnny? Was he very insolent? You must have seen it all?"

"He had taken quite enough. And he was about as insolent as a man can be."

"Ferrar is appointed to his place, papa says; and a new man to Ferrar's."

"Ferrar is! I am glad of that; very. He deserves to get on."

"But Ferrar is not a gentleman, is he?" objected Coralie.

"Not in one sense. There are gentlemen and gentlemen. Mark Ferrar is very humble as regards birth and bringing up. His father is a journeyman china-painter at one of the Worcester china factories; and Mark got his learning at St. Peter's charity-school. But every instinct Mark possesses is that of a refined, kindly, modest gentleman; and he has contrived to improve himself so greatly by dint of study and observation, that he might now pass for a gentleman in any society. Some men, whatever may be their later advantages, can never throw off the common tone and manner of early habits and associations. Ferrar has succeeded in doing it."

"If Pym stays on shore it may bring us further complication," mused Coralie. "I should search for Verena myself then — and search in earnest. Papa and old Ozias have gone about it in anything but a likely manner."

"Have you any notion where she can be?"

"Just the least bit of notion in the world," laughed Coralie. "It flashed across me the other night where she might have hidden herself. I don't know it. I have no particular ground to go upon."

"You did not tell Sir Dace?"

"Not I," lightly answered Coralie.

"We two sisters don't interfere with one

another's private affairs. I did keep back a letter of Vera's; one she wrote to Pym when we first left home; but I have done no more. Here comes some tea at last!"

"I should have told," I continued in a low tone. "Or taken means myself to see whether my notion was right or wrong."

"What did it signify? — when Pym was going away in a day or two. Check to you, Johnny Ludlow."

That first game, what with talking and tea-drinking, was a long one. I won it. When Ozias came in for the teacups Coralie asked him whether Sir Dace had rung for anything. No, the man answered; most likely his master would remain locked in till bedtime; it was his way when any great thing put him out.

"I don't think I can stay for another game," I said to Coralie, as she began to place the men again.

"Are you in such a hurry?" cried Coralie, glancing round at the clock: which said twenty minutes to ten.

I was not in any hurry at all that night, as regarded myself: I had thought she might not care for me to stay longer. Miss Deveen and Cattleton had gone out to dinner some ten miles away, and were not expected home before midnight. So we began a fresh game.

"Why! that clock must have stopped!"

Chancing to look at it by-and-by, I saw that it stood at the same time — twenty minutes to ten. I took out my watch. It said just ten minutes past ten.

"What does it signify?" said Coralie. "You can stay here till twenty minutes to twelve if you like — and be whirled home in a cab by midnight then."

That was true. If —

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Coralie.

She was looking at the door with surprised eyes. There stood Verena, her bonnet on; evidently just come in.

Verena tripped forward, bent down, and kissed her sister. "Have you been desperately angry, Coral?" she lightly asked, giving me her hand to shake. "I know papa has."

"I have not been angry," was Coralie's equable answer: "but you have acted childishly, Verena. And now, where have you been?"

"Only in Woburn Place at Mrs. Ball's," said Verena, throwing off her bonnet, and bringing her lovely flushed face close to the light as she sat down. "When I left here that evening — and really, Johnny, I was sorry not to stay and go in to dinner with you," she broke off with a smile —

"I went straight to our old lodgings, to good old Mother Ball. 'They are frightful tyrants at home,' I said to her; 'I'm not sure but they'll serve me as Bluebeard did his wives; and I want to stay with you for a day or two.' There's where I have been all the time, Coral; and I wondered you and papa did not come to look for me."

"It is where I fancied you might be," returned Coral. "But I only thought of it on Saturday night. Does that mean check, Johnny?"

"Check and mate, mademoiselle."

"Oh, how wicked you are!"

"Mrs. Ball has been more careful of me than she'd be of gold," went on Vera, her blue eyes dancing. "The eldest daughter, Louise, is at home now; she teaches music in a school; and, if you'll believe me, Coral, the old mother would never let me stir out without Louise. When Edward Pym came up in the evening to take me for a walk, Louise must go with us. 'I feel responsible to your papa and sister, my dear,' the old woman would say to me. Oh, she was a veritable dragon."

"Was Louise with you when you went on board the 'Rose of Delhi' yesterday afternoon?" cried Coralie, while I began to put away the chessmen.

Verena opened her eyes. "How *did* you hear of that? No, we tricked Louise for once. Edward had fifty things to say to me, and he wanted me alone. After dinner he proposed that we should go to afternoon service. I made haste, and went out with him, calling to Louise that she'd catch us up before we reached the church, and we ran off in just the contrary direction. 'I should like to show you my ship,' Edward said; and we went down in an omnibus. Mrs. Ball shook her head when we got back, and said I must never do it again. As if I should have the chance, now Edward's gone!"

Coralie glanced at her. "He *is* gone, I suppose?"

"Yes," sighed Vera. "The ship left the docks this morning. He took leave of me last night."

Coralie looked doubtful. She glanced again at her sister under her eyelids.

"Then — if Edward Pym is no longer here to take walks with you, Vera, how is it you came home so late to-night?"

"Because I have been to a concert," cried Vera, her tone as gay as a lark's. "Louise and I started to walk here this afternoon. I wanted you to see her; she is really very nice. Coming through

Fitzroy Square, she called upon some friends of hers who live there, the Barretts — he is a professor of music. Mrs. Barrett was going to a concert to-night and she said if we would stay she'd take us. So we had tea with her and went to it, and they sent me home in a cab."

"You seem to be taking your pleasure!" remarked Coralie.

"I had such an adventure down-stairs," cried Verena, dropping her voice after a pause of thought. "Nearly fell into the arms of papa."

"What — now?"

"Now; two minutes ago. While hesitating whether to softly tinkle the kitchen bell and smuggle myself in and up to my room, or to storm the house with a bold summons, Ozias drew open the front door. He looked so glad to see me, poor stupid old fellow. I was talking to him in the passage when I heard papa's cough. 'Oh, hide yourself, Missee Vera,' cried Ozias, 'the master, he so angry;' and away I rushed into papa's little library, seeing the door of it open —"

"He has come out of it, then!" interjected Coralie.

"I thought papa would go up-stairs," said Vera. "Instead of that, he came on into the room. I crept behind the old red window-curtains, and —"

"And what?" asked Coralie, for Verena made a sudden pause.

"Groaned out with fright, and nearly betrayed myself," continued Verena. "Papa stared at the curtains as if he thought they were alive, and then and there backed out of the room. Perhaps he feared a ghost was there. He was looking so strange, Coralie."

"All your fault, child. Since the night you went away he has looked more like a maniac than a rational man, and acted like one. I have just said so to Johnny Ludlow."

"Poor papa! I will be good and tractable as an angel now, and make it up to him. And — why, Coralie, here are visitors."

We gazed in surprise. It is not usual to receive calls at bedtime. Ozias stood at the door showing in Captain Tanerton. Behind him was Alfred Saxby.

The captain's manner was curious. No sooner did he set eyes on us than he started back, as if he thought we might bite him.

"Not here. Not the ladies. I told you it was Sir Dace I wanted," he said in quick sentences to Ozias. "Sir Dace alone."

Ozias went back down the stairs, and they after him, and were shown into the library. It was a little room nearly opposite the front entrance, and underneath the room called the boudoir. You went down a few stairs to it.

Verena turned white. A prevision of evil seized her.

"Something must be the matter," she shivered, laying her hand upon my arm. "Did you notice Captain Tanerton's face? I never saw him look like that. And what does he do here? Where is the ship? And oh, Johnny" — and her voice rose to a shriek — "where's Edward Pym?"

Alas! we soon knew what the matter was — and where Edward Pym was. Dead. Murdered. That's what young Saxby called it. Sir Dace, looking frightfully scared, started with them down to Ship Street. I went also; I could not keep away. George was to sit up for me at home if I were late.

"For," as Miss Deveen had said to me in the morning, laughingly, "there's no telling, Johnny, at what unearthly hour you may get back from Gravesend."

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE MARBLES OF ÆGINA.

I HAVE dwelt the more emphatically upon the purely sensuous aspects of early Greek art, on the beauty and charm of its mere material and workmanship, the grace of hand in it, its chryselephantine character, because the direction of all the more general criticism since Lessing has been, somewhat one-sidedly, towards the ideal or abstract element in Greek art, towards what we may call its philosophical aspect. And indeed this philosophical element, a tendency to the realization of a certain inward, abstract, intellectual ideal, is also at work in Greek art — a tendency which, if that chryselephantine influence is called Ionian, may rightly be called the Dorian, or, in reference to its broader scope, the European influence; and this European influence or tendency is really towards the impression of an order, a sanity, a proportion in all work, which shall reflect the inward order of human reason now fully conscious of itself, — towards a sort of art, in which the record and delineation of humanity, as active in the wide, inward world of its passion and thought, has become more or less definitely the aim of all artistic handicraft.

In undergoing the action of these two opposing influences, and by harmonizing in itself their antagonism, Greek sculpture does but reflect the larger movements of more general Greek history. All through Greek history we may trace, in every sphere of the activity of the Greek mind, the action of these two opposing tendencies, — the centrifugal and centripetal tendencies, as we may perhaps not too fancifully call them. There is the centrifugal, the Ionian, the Asiatic tendency, flying from the centre, working with little forethought straight before it, in the development of every thought and fancy; throwing itself forth in endless play of undirected imagination; delighting in brightness and color, in beautiful material, in changeful form everywhere, in poetry, in philosophy, even in architecture and its subordinate crafts. In the social and political order it rejoices in the freest action of local and personal influences; its restless versatility drives it towards the assertion of the principles of separatism, of individualism, — the separation of State from State, the maintenance of local religions, the development of the individual in that which is most peculiar and individual in him. Its claim is in its grace, its freedom and happiness, its lively interest, the variety of its gifts to civilization; its weakness is self-evident, and was what made the unity of Greece impossible. It is this centrifugal tendency which Plato is desirous to cure, by maintaining, over against it, the Dorian influence of a severe simplification everywhere, in society, in culture, in the very physical nature of man. An enemy everywhere to *variegation*, to what is cunning or "myriad-minded," he sets himself, in mythology, in music, in poetry, in every kind of art, to enforce the ideal of a sort of Parmenidean abstractness and calm.

This exaggerated ideal of Plato's is, however, only the exaggeration of that salutary European tendency, which, finding human mind the most absolutely real and precious thing in the world, enforces everywhere the impress of its sanity, its profound reflections upon things as they really are, its sense of proportion. It is the centripetal tendency, which links individuals to each other, States to States, one period of organic growth to another, under the reign of a composed, rational, self-conscious order, in the universal light of the understanding.

Whether or not this temper, so clearly traceable as a distinct influence in the

course of Greek development, was indeed the peculiar gift of the Dorian race, certainly that race is the best illustration of it, in its love of order, of that severe *composition* everywhere, of which the Dorian style of architecture is, as it were, a material symbol—in its constant aspiration after what is earnest and dignified, as exemplified most evidently in the religion of its predilection, the religion of Apollo.

For as that Ionian influence, the chryselephantine influence, had its patron in Hephestus, was the religion of Hephestus, husband of Aphrodite, the representation of exquisite workmanship, of fine art in metal, coming from the East in close connection with the artificial furtherance, through dress and personal ornament, of the beauty of the body; so that Dorian or European influence embodied itself in the religion of Apollo. For the development of this or that mythological conception, from its root in fact or law of the physical world, is very various in its course. Thus Demeter, the spirit of life in grass,—and Dionysus, the “spiritual form” of life in the green sap,—remain, to the end of men’s thoughts and fancies about them, almost wholly physical. But Apollo, the “spiritual form” of sunbeams, early becomes, (the merely physical element in his constitution being almost wholly suppressed,) exclusively ethical,—the “spiritual form” of inward or intellectual light, in all its manifestations. He represents all those specially European ideas, of a reasonable, personal freedom, as understood in Greece; of a reasonable polity; of the sanity of soul and body, through the cure of disease and of the sense of sin; of the perfecting of both by reasonable exercise or *ascēsis*: his religion is a sort of embodied equity, its aim the realization of fair reason and just consideration of the truth of things everywhere.

I cannot dwell on the general aspects of this subject further, but remark that in art also the religion of Apollo was a sanction of, and an encouragement towards the true valuation of humanity, in its sanity, its proportion, its knowledge of itself. Following after this, Greek art attained, in its reproductions of human form, not merely to the profound expression of the highest indwelling spirit of human intelligence, but to the expression also of the great human passions, of the powerful movements as well as of the calm and peaceful order of the soul, as finding in the affections of the body a language, the elements of which the artist might

analyze, and then combine, order, and recompose. In relation to music, to art, to all those matters over which the Muses preside, Apollo, as distinct from Hermes, seems to be the representative and patron of what I may call *reasonable* music, of a great intelligence at work in art, of beauty attained through the conscious realization of ideas. They were the cities of the Dorian affinity which early brought to perfection that most characteristic of Greek institutions, the sacred dance, with the whole gymnastic system which was its natural accompaniment. And it was the familiar spectacle of that living sculpture which developed, perhaps, beyond everything else in the Greek mind, at its best, a sense of the beauty and significance of the human form.

Into that bewildered, dazzling world of minute and dainty handicraft—the chamber of Paris, the house of Alcinous—in which the form of man alone had no adequate place, and as yet, properly, was not, this Dorian, European, Apolline influence introduced the intelligent and spiritual human presence, and gave it its true value, a value consistently maintained to the end of Greek art, by a steady hold upon and preoccupation with the inward harmony and system of human personality.

In the works of the Asiatic tradition, in the marbles of Nineveh, for instance, and in the early Greek art, so far as we can see, which derives from it, as, for example, in the archaic remains from Cyprus, the form of man is inadequate, and below the measure of perfection attained there in the representation of the lower forms of life; just as in the little reflective art of Japan, so lovely in its reproduction of flower or bird, the human form alone comes almost as a caricature, or is at least untouched by any higher ideal. To that Asiatic tradition, then, with its perfect craftsmanship, its consummate skill in design, its power of hand, the Dorian, the European, the true Hellenic influence brought a revelation of the soul and body of man.

And we come at last to a monument, the marbles of Ægina, which bears upon it the full expression of this humanism,—to a work, in which the presence of man, realized with complete mastery of hand, and with clear apprehension of how he actually is and moves and looks, is touched with the freshest sense of that new-found, inward value; the energy of worthy passions purifying, the light of his reason shining through, bodily forms and motions, solemnized, attractive, pathetic.

We have reached an extant work, real and visible, of an importance out of all proportion to anything actually remaining of earlier art, and justifying, by its direct interest and charm, our long prelude on the beginnings of Greek sculpture, while there was still almost nothing actually to see.

These fifteen figures of Parian marble, of about two-thirds the size of life, forming, with some deficiencies, the east and west gables of a temple of Athene, the ruins of which still stand on a hillside by the seashore, in a remote part of the island of Ægina, were discovered in the year 1811, and having been purchased by the crown prince, afterwards Louis I., of Bavaria, are now the great ornament of the *Glyptothek*, or Museum of Sculpture, at Munich. The group in each gable consisted of eleven figures; and of the fifteen larger figures discovered, five belong to the eastern, ten to the western gable, so that the western gable is complete with the exception of one figure, which should stand where the beautiful figure, borrowed from the eastern gable, bending down towards the fallen leader, at Munich actually is; certain fragments showing that the lost figure corresponded essentially to this, which has therefore been transferred hither from its place in the less complete group to which it properly belongs. For there are two legitimate views or motives in the restoration of ancient sculpture, the antiquarian and æsthetic, as they may be termed, respectively; the former limiting itself to the bare presentation of what actually remains of the ancient work, braving all shock to living eyes from the mutilated nose or chin; while the latter, the æsthetic method, requires that, with the least possible addition or interference, by the most skilful living hand procurable, the object shall be made to please, or at least content the living eye, seeking enjoyment, and not a bare fact of science, in the spectacle of ancient art. This latter way of restoration, — the æsthetic way, — followed by the famous connoisseurs of the Renaissance, has been followed here; and the visitor to Munich actually sees the marbles of Ægina, as restored after a model by the tasteful hand of Thorwaldsen.

Different views have, however, been maintained as to the right grouping of the figures; but the composition of the two groups was apparently similar, not only in general character but in a certain degree of correspondence of all the figures,

each to each. And in both the subject is a combat, — a combat between Greeks and Asiatics concerning the body of a Greek hero, fallen among the foemen, — an incident so characteristic of the poetry of the heroic wars. In both cases, Athene, whose temple this sculpture was designed to decorate, intervenes, her image being complete in the western gable, the head and some other fragments remaining of that in the eastern. The incidents represented were probably chosen with reference to the traditions of Ægina in connection with the Trojan war. Greek legend is ever deeply colored by local interest and sentiment, and this monument probably celebrates Telamon, and Ajax his son, the heroes who established the fame of Ægina, and whom the united Greeks, on the morning of the battle of Salamis, in which the Æginetans were distinguished above all other Greeks in bravery, invited as their peculiar, spiritual allies from that island.

Accordingly, antiquarians are, for the most part, of opinion that the eastern gable represents the combat of Hercules, (Hercules being the only figure among the warriors certainly to be identified,) and of his comrade Telamon, against Laomedon of Troy, in which, properly, Hercules was leader, but here, as squire and archer, is made to give the first place to Telamon, as the titular hero of the place. Opinion is not so definite regarding the subject of the western gable, which, however, probably represents the combat between the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus. In both cases an Æginetan hero, in the eastern gable Telamon, in the western his son Ajax, is represented in the extreme crisis of battle, such a crisis as, according to the deep religiousness of the Greeks of that age, was a motive for the visible intervention of the goddess in favor of her chosen people.

Opinion as to the date of the work, based mainly on the characteristics of the work itself, has varied within a period ranging from the middle of the sixtieth to the middle of the seventieth Olympiad, inclining on the whole to the later date, in the period of the Ionian revolt against Persia, and a few years earlier than the battle of Marathon.

In this monument, then, we have a revelation in the sphere of art, of the temper which made the victories of Marathon and Salamis possible, of the true spirit of Greek chivalry as displayed in the Persian war, and in the highly ideal conception of its events, expressed in Herodotus and

approving itself minutely to the minds of the Greeks, as a series of affairs in which the gods and heroes of old time personally intervened, and that not as mere shadows. It was natural that the high-pitched temper, the stress of thought and feeling, which ended in the final conflict of Greek liberty with Asiatic barbarism, should stimulate quite a new interest in the poetic legends of the earlier conflict between them in the heroic age. As the events of the Crusades and the chivalrous spirit of that period leading men's minds back to ponder over the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins, gave birth to the composition of the "Song of Roland," just so this Æginetan sculpture displays the Greeks of a later age feeding their enthusiasm on the legend of a distant past, and is a link between Herodotus and Homer. In those ideal figures, pensive a little from the first, we may suppose, with the shadowiness of a past age, we may yet see how Greeks of the time of Themistocles really conceived of Homeric knight and squire.

Some other fragments of art, also discovered in Ægina, and supposed to be contemporary with the temple of Athene, tend, by their roughness and immaturity, to show that this small building, so united in its effect, so complete in its simplicity, in the symmetry of its two main groups of sculpture, was the perfect artistic flower of its time and place. Yet within the limits of this simple unity, so important an element in the charm and impressiveness of the place, a certain inequality of design and execution may be detected; the hand of a slightly earlier master, probably, having worked in the western gable, while the master of the eastern gable has gone some steps farther than he in fineness and power of expression; the figure of the supposed Ajax, stooping forward in the present arrangement of the western group, but really borrowed, as I said, from the eastern, and which has in it something above the type of the figures grouped round it, being this later sculptor's work. Yet Overbeck, who has elaborated the points of this distinction of styles, commends without reserve the technical excellence of the whole work, executed, as he says, "with an application of all known instruments of sculpture; the delicate calculation of weight in the composition of the several parts, allowing the artist to dispense with all artificial supports, and to set his figures, with all their complex motions, and yet with plinths only three inches thick, into the

basis of the gable; the bold use of the chisel, which wrought the shield, on the freely-held arm, down to a thickness of scarcely three inches; the fineness of the execution, even in parts of the work invisible to an ordinary spectator, in the diligent finishing of which the only motive of the artist was to satisfy his own conviction as to the nature of good sculpture."

It was the Dorian cities, Plato tells us, which first shook off the false Asiatic shame, and stripped off their clothing for purposes of exercise and training in the *gymnasium*; and it was part of the Dorian or European influence to assert the value in art of the unveiled and healthy human form. And here the artists of Ægina, notwithstanding Homer's description of Greek armor, glowing like the sun itself, have displayed the Greek warriors — Greek and Trojan alike — not in the equipments they would really have worn, but naked, — flesh fairer than that golden armor, though more subdued and tranquil in effect on the spectator, the undraped form of man coming like an embodiment of the Hellenic spirit, and as an element of *temperance*, into the somewhat gaudy spectacle of Asiatic, or archaic art. Paris alone bears his dainty trappings, characteristically, — a coat of golden scalework, the scales set on a lining of canvas or leather, shiftily deftly over the delicate body beneath, and represented on the gable by gilding, or real gilt metal perhaps.

It was characteristic also of that more truly Hellenic art — another element of its temperance — to adopt the use of marble in its works; and the material of these figures is the white marble of Paros. Traces of color have, however, been found on certain parts of them. The outer surfaces of the shields and helmets have been blue; their inner parts and the crests of the helmets, red; the hem of the drapery of Athene, the edges of her sandals, the plinths on which the figures stand, also red; one quiver red, another blue; the eyes and lips, too, colored; perhaps, the hair. There was just a limited and conventionalized use of color, in effect, upon the marble.

And although the actual material of these figures is marble, its coolness and massiveness suiting the growing severity of Greek thought, yet they have their reminiscences of work in bronze, in a certain slimmness and tenuity, a certain dainty lightness of poise in their grouping, which remains in the memory as a peculiar note of their style; the possibil-

ity of such easy and graceful balancing being one of the privileges or opportunities of statuary in cast metal, of that hollow casting in which the whole weight of the work is so much less than that of a work of equal size in marble, and which permits a so much wider and freer disposition of the parts about its centre of gravity. In Ægina the tradition of metal work seems to have been strong, and Onatas, whose name is closely connected with Ægina, and who is contemporary with the presumably later portion of this monument, was above all a worker in bronze. Here again, in this lurking spirit of metal work, we have a new element of complexity in the character of these precious remains. And then, to compass the whole work in our imagination, we must conceive yet another element in the conjoint effect; metal being actually mingled with the marble, brought thus to its daintiest point of refinement, as the little holes indicate, bored into the marble figures for the attachment of certain accessories in bronze, — lances, swords, bows, the *Medusa* also on the *ægis* of Athene, and its fringe of little snakes.

And as there was no adequate consciousness and recognition of the essentials of man's nature in the older, oriental art, so there is no pathos, no *humanity* in the more special sense, but a kind of hardness and cruelty rather, in those oft-repeated, long, matter-of-fact processions, on the marbles of Nineveh, of slave-like soldiers on their way to battle mechanically, or of captives on their way to slavery or death, for the satisfaction of the great king. These Greek marbles, on the contrary, with that figure yearning forward so graciously to the fallen leader, are deeply impressed with a natural pathetic effect — the true reflection again of the temper of Homer in speaking of war. Ares, the god of war himself, we must remember, is, according to his original import, the god of storms, of winter raging among the forests of the Thracian mountains, a brother of the north wind. Afterwards only, surviving many minor gods of war, he becomes a leader of hosts, a sort of divine knight and patron of knighthood; and, through the old intricate connection of love and war, and that amorousness which is the universally conceded privilege of the soldier's life, he comes to be very near Aphrodite, — the paramour of the goddess of physical beauty. So that the idea of a sort of soft dalliance mingles, in his character, so unlike that of the Christian leader, Saint

George, with the idea of savage, warlike impulses; the fair, soft creature suddenly raging like a storm, to which, in its various wild incidents, war is constantly likened in Homer; the effects of delicate youth and of tempest blending, in Ares, into one expression, not without that cruelty which mingles also, like the influence of some malign fate upon him, with the finer characteristics of Achilles, who is a kind of merely human double of Ares. And in Homer's impressions of war the same elements are blent, — the delicacy, the beauty of youth, especially, making it so fit for purposes of love, spoiled and wasted by the random flood and fire of a violent tempest; the glittering beauty of the Greek "war-men," expressed in so many brilliant figures, and the splendor of their equipments, in collision with the miserable accidents of battle, and the grotesque indignities of death in it, brought home to our fancy by a hundred pathetic incidents, — the sword hot with slaughter, the stifling blood in the throat, the spoiling of the body in every member severally. He thinks of, and records, at his early ending, the distant home from which the boy came, who goes stumbling now, just stricken so wretchedly, his bowels in his hands. He pushes the expression of this contrast to the *macabre* even, suggesting the approach of those lower forms of life which await to-morrow the fair bodies of the heroes, who strive and fall to-day like these in the Æginetan gables. For it is just that twofold sentiment which this sculpture has embodied. The seemingly stronger hand which wrought the eastern gable has shown itself strongest in the rigid expression of the truth of pain, in the mouth of the famous recumbent figure on the extreme left, the lips just open at the corner, and in the hard-shut lips of Hercules. Otherwise, these figures all smile faintly, almost like the monumental effigies of the Middle Age, with a smile which, even if it be but a result of the mere conventionality of an art still somewhat immature, has just the pathetic effect of Homer's conventional epithet "tender," when he speaks of the flesh of his heroes.

And together with this touching power there is also in this work the effect of an early simplicity, the charm of its limitations. For as art which has passed its prime has sometimes the charm of an absolute refinement in taste and workmanship, so immature art also, as we now see, has its own attractiveness in the *naïveté*, the freshness of spirit, which

finds power and interest in simple motives of feeling, and in the freshness of hand, which has a sense of enjoyment in mechanical processes still performed unmechanically, in the spending of care and intelligence on every touch. As regards Italian art, the sculpture and paintings of the earlier Renaissance, the æsthetic value of this *naïveté* is now well understood; but it has its value in Greek sculpture also. There, too, is a succession of phases through which the artistic power and purpose grew to maturity, with the enduring charm of an unconventional, unsophisticated freshness, in that very early stage of it illustrated by these marbles of Ægina, not less than in the work of Verrocchio and Mino of Fiesole. Effects of this we may note in that sculpture of Ægina, not merely in the simplicity, or monotony even, of the whole composition, and in the exact and formal correspondence of one gable to the other, but in the simple readiness with which the designer makes the two second spearmen kneel, against the probability of the thing, so as just to fill the space he has to compose in. The profiles are still not yet of the fully developed Greek type, but have a somewhat sharp prominence of nose and chin, as in Etrurian design, in the early sculpture of Cyprus, and in the earlier Greek vases; and the general proportions of the body in relation to the shoulders are still somewhat archaically slim. But then the workman is at work in dry earnestness, with a sort of hard strength in detail, a scrupulousness verging on stiffness, like that of an early Flemish painter; he communicates to us his still youthful sense of pleasure in the experience of the first rudimentary difficulties of his art overcome. And withal, these figures have in them a true expression of life, of animation. In this monument of Greek chivalry, pensive and visionary as it may seem, those old Greek knights live with a truth like that of Homer or Chaucer. In a sort of stiff grace, combined with a sense of things bright or sorrowful directly felt, the Æginetan workman is, as it were, the Chaucer of Greek sculpture.

WALTER H. PATER.

From Temple Bar.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

SCOFFERS, to whom nothing is sacred, have given to the "Peerage" the name

of the Englishman's Bible. In spite of this covert sneer on British snobism, it could easily be proved that few more instructive books exist than a well-edited dictionary of the British nobility. It seems as the crackling of thorns under a pot to those who care nothing for the gradual growth of our great families; but to those who know something of the men who have made the history of the country, and are able to read between the lines, few books are more thoroughly instinct with life. Anecdotes that float about ownerless in the mind of the reader are here localized and fixed. The refinements of the "Peerage" are little understood by the ordinary English man and woman, and sad havoc is often made of them in the novels of our time. This is not a matter of surprise, for they are somewhat complicated, and one sometimes wonders whether every peer knows all the ins and outs of his own class. In the catalogue of the exhibition of old masters, now shown at the Royal Academy, there is a mistake of the kind to which we refer. There are two portraits by Lely, one called Henry Howard, sixth Duke of Norfolk, and the other Anne Somerset, Duchess of Norfolk. Now the duke was the Henry Howard of Norfolk who figures in Evelyn's and Pepys's diaries, and gave the Arundel marbles to Oxford and the Norfolk Library to the Royal Society. He did not come into the dukedom until after the death of his brother in 1677, so it is clear that his first wife, who died in 1662, could never have been a duchess.

The word nobility has grown to have a peculiarly restricted meaning in England, which it does not bear abroad. The gentry are really the lower nobility, and in many instances the elder branch of a family remains untitled, while the younger scions seek their fortunes and are what we commonly call "ennobled;" thus at one time a commoner was the head of one of our oldest houses, a dukedom being held by a younger branch of the family. The difference between English and foreign customs in this matter is well illustrated by an anecdote of Buffon. An English friend wrote to congratulate the great naturalist on his being ennobled by Louis XVI. Buffon returned answer that certainly the king had created him a count, at receiving which title he felt very proud, but that he was already "noble"!

The five grades of which the peerage consists are of very varied antiquity. The lowest is that of *baron*, which is

also one of the oldest. Originally the dignity was attached to the possession of certain lands held according to the feudal system, and the possessor was therefore a *baron by tenure*. In the reign of King John the greater barons were specially summoned to the council of the nation, and hence arose the *barons by writ* in place of *barons by tenure*. The practice of creating *barons by letters patent*, by which rank was converted into a mere title of honor, was first introduced by Richard II., who in 1387 created John Beauchamp, of Holt Castle, Baron Beauchamp of Kidderminster. *Viscount* was first introduced as an hereditary title into the English peerage by Henry VI., who made John, sixth Baron Beaumont, Viscount Beaumont, by letters patent in 1440. Previously the name *vice-comes* had been used by the sheriff of a county as the deputy of the earl. Of the five titles to which we are now drawing attention, *earl* is the only one with a Saxon name, and it is a curious linguistic fact that this characteristic only applies to the man himself, as his wife is styled a countess. The synonymous names earl and count had a fight for a time, but the former survived as the fitter of the two. There were different descriptions of earldoms, but they were each, as the name *comes* would show, intimately connected with the county. In course of time this was changed, and Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, on the Welsh March, created Earl of March in 1328, was the first earl whose dignity was unconnected with a shire. The custom of adopting titles taken from counties and towns was extended to villages and private estates, and in some instances family names have even been used instead of place names. The original *marquesses* were guardians of the frontier marches, but the first English marquessate in the modern sense was conferred in 1386 upon Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was created Marquess of Dublin by Richard II. The Earl of Somerset was made Marquess of Dorset by the same king, but the title was taken from him in the next reign. The House of Commons petitioned that it might be restored, but the earl did not wish for the higher honor, as it was considered an innovation. At one period in the reign of George III. there was only one marquess on the roll of the peerage. *Dukes*, in the older European sense of governors of dukedoms, do not appear to have been known in England. Edward the Black Prince, who was created Duke of Corn-

wall in 1335, was the first English duke, and for a time this rank was confined to the royal family. Although others afterwards obtained the title, they were very few, and it was not until the reigns of William III. and Anne that its general character was changed. Although all holders of these different titles take precedence according to their relative rank, they sit as peers or equals in the House of Lords. The eldest son of a duke, of a marquess, or of an earl, although he remains a commoner, bears one of the titles of his father by courtesy. These are sometimes changed, but usually the same title is used for several generations. The son of a duke is commonly a marquess, of a marquess an earl, and of an earl a viscount, but this is not always the case; for instance, the Marquis of Salisbury's second title is Earl of Salisbury, so in order to obviate confusion his eldest son is forced to take the third title, which is Viscount Cranborne.

Since the two unions with Scotland and Ireland, and the consequent destruction of the Houses of Lords in those countries, the peers have been left in an unsatisfactory condition. As the unions took place at different periods, very different regulations were enforced respecting them. Sixteen Scotch peers are elected as representatives for each *parliament*, and twenty-eight Irish peers are chosen for *life*. A Scotch peer, though not one of the sixteen representatives, is debarred from sitting in the House of Commons, a disability which does not attach to the Irish peers — as witness the great prime minister, Lord Palmerston. Still the latter class have their own troubles, which some of the order are now ventilating in the public press. There are about forty Scotch and about one hundred Irish peerages now existing without an hereditary seat in the House of Lords. One of the reasons of this discrepancy is that, while the Scotch peerages are allowed to die out, Irish peers are still created. This is not a mere anomaly, but it partakes somewhat of dishonesty, and a remedy cannot too soon be applied. Certain Irish peers created since the union are quite unconnected with Ireland, and have taken the names of English places for their titles, but by a legal fiction these places are supposed to be situated in Ireland for the purposes of the patent. Thus the style of Baron Macdonald runs, "of Slate, Antrim," but Slate is actually in the Hebrides, and not in Antrim at all.

The English peerage holds a unique position from the fact that a peerage confers a right to a seat in the House of Lords, and therefore all claims are rigidly considered. Abroad, where there is nothing like this, it is nobody's business to question illegal titles, and in consequence false claims to rank abound. The proceedings connected with the various claims to peerages in abeyance have been of considerable interest. Sir Egerton Brydges was soured for life because he did not obtain the barony of Chandos of Sudeley, and he was in the habit of exhibiting his claim by signing himself "*per legem terra* Chandos of Sudeley."

The "Peerage" contains those historical names of which Englishmen are naturally so proud, as the Howards, the Percies, and the Herberts; such great generals as Marlborough and Wellington, and admirals as Nelson and St. Vincent, are represented there, but sometimes these names are lost in higher titles. Thus Anson is merged in Lichfield, and Clive in Powis. Lawyers are well represented, and trade supplies her quota. The Duke of Leeds traces his descent from Lord Mayor Osborne, the Barings hold two peerages, Ashburton and Northbrook, and several peers are, or have been, bankers. The Earl of Jersey is a partner in Child's bank, and this connection of a Villiers with a lucrative business has come about by a romantic incident which occurred at the end of the last century. The tenth earl of Westmoreland ran away with the only daughter of Robert Child, the head of the bank, on the 22nd of May, 1782. Although the runaways had a good start in their journey to Gretna Green, the father caught them up in Cumberland. Lord Westmoreland was equal to the occasion, for he stood up in his carriage and shot the leading horse in Mr. Child's chaise, by which bold proceeding he was able to get over the border and be married before Child could interfere. It is said that that nobleman had, previously to the elopement, put the following question to the banker: "Suppose you were in love with a girl and her father refused his consent to the union, what should you do?" to which he received the prompt reply, "Why, run away with her, to be sure." Child did not forgive his daughter and her husband, but nevertheless he left the whole of his fortune to their first daughter—this was Lady Sarah Sophia Jane, who married the fifth Earl of Jersey, and was grandmother of the present earl.

There are certain unwritten rules as to entry into the House of Lords. Thus an ordinary mortal is made a baron, an ex-speaker or cabinet minister becomes a viscount, and a prime minister or statesman of the first rank springs into an earldom at one bound. Walpole was created Earl of Orford, and his rival, Pulteney, was cajoled into accepting the earldom of Bath. The latter, when he found he had stultified himself by his rise in rank, flung down his patent on the floor, and was with difficulty persuaded to have it passed.

A somewhat similar scene occurred when another hot-headed man was raised to the peerage of Lonsdale. Sir James Lowther refused any lower rank than an earldom. He even took offence on being made an earl in 1784, when he found that he was junior to two other new earls who had been advanced, not like him from among the commoners, but from among the barons. At first he refused to take his seat among the Lords, and marched back to the Commons. This was the man of whom it was written in the "Rolliad"—

E'en by the elements his power's confess'd,
Of minds and boroughs Lonsdale stands possess'd;

And one sad servitude alike denotes
The slave that labors, and the slave that votes.

Several of our kings have sullied the purity of the peerage by the gift of titles "of honor"! to their mistresses. Charles II. created Roger Palmer Earl of Castlemaine, in order that his mistress, Mrs. Palmer, might be a countess; afterwards he made her Duchess of Cleveland. Peter Cunningham tells us that if Charles had lived Nell Gwyn would have been created Countess of Greenwich. The means by which Nelly obtained a peerage for her son is well known.

A curious chapter in the history of the peerage might be written on the secret history of the origin of certain titles. Thus ministers have sometimes raised a man for dirty political work while they have been heartily ashamed of the job. Bubb Dodington (the Bubo of Pope), who has damned himself to everlasting fame by writing a diary of his own rascality, had set his mind on becoming a peer. He first attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, who is supposed to have said, —

Do you think, sir, the king would advance such
a scrub,
Or the peerage debase with the name of a
Bubb?

Then he devoted himself to the opposition, but they would not do what he wished, and at last, after various changes, he was created Lord Melcombe by Lord Bute, a year before his death. As age came upon him he was said, in allusion to his great size, to have "grown of less consequence, but more weight." A more respectable but equally disliked man was made a peer, merely to spite the king. Sir Fletcher Norton, popularly known in his day as Sir Bullface Doubleface, was elected speaker in 1769 as a sop because he was passed over for the lord-chancellorship. In 1777 he offended George III. by a very bold speech at the bar of the House of Lords, and a few years after he was raised to the peerage as Baron Grantley, to his own and every one else's great surprise. The king, on the recommendation of Lord Shelburne, raised the lawyer Dunning to the peerage as Lord Ashburton, whereat the premier (Lord Rockingham) and his cabinet immediately threatened to resign unless a peerage was given to a nominee of their own. On the king's consent being obtained, they nominated Sir Fletcher in order to annoy him, and he was forced to comply with the unpalatable request.

When titles ceased to be territorial, the choice of a name came to be regulated by a variety of causes. We learn from Pepys's diary that Sir Edward Montagu, who aided so influentially in the restoration of Charles II., had his warrant drawn out as Earl of Portsmouth, and only changed the name to Sandwich at the last moment.

Lord Clarendon tells an amusing story in his life respecting the difficulties encountered by Lord Arlington, the well-known member of the Cabal ministry, in the search for a title. Sir Henry Bennet had no estate from which he could take his name, so he fixed upon the ancient Barony of Cheney, which had expired in 1587, although he was in no way connected with the family who had formerly held it. The warrant was drawn out, and for some days he was called Lord Cheney. But this was not to last, for a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who, although he had no title to the barony, was of the same family, and had inherited most of the property, went to Bennet and desired him "not to affect a title to which he had no relation; and to which, though he (the gentleman) could not pretend of direct right, yet he was not so obscure but that himself, or a son of his, might hereafter be thought worthy of it by the

crown, and in that respect it would be some trouble to him to see it vested in the family of a stranger." As the patent had not been prepared, Bennet contented himself with the name of the little farm of Harlington between London and Uxbridge, which had once belonged to his father, but had since been sold. In assuming the name, however, he blundered in cockney fashion and left out the *h*, so that the title was given as Arlington.

Lawyers have sometimes chosen their titles from the towns where they first obtained a brief, but Sir Charles Pratt's choice was a different one, and it has kept alive a very noble name in a rather remarkable manner. The greatest English antiquary, William Camden, lived and died at Chislehurst in the house called after him Camden Place, and when Lord Chief Justice Pratt was raised to the peerage he took his title from this house, which has since been so famous as the abode of Napoleon III. and the empress Eugénie. The Pratts had property at Kentish Town which was built over and called Camden Town, so that in a secondary sense this district may be said to take its name from the author of the "Britannia."

The succession to each peerage varies according to the specified terms of the patent, and there have been many examples of devices to carry on family peerages by fresh creations of minor dignities. Thus the last Duke of Montague, having no hopes of heirs male for his dukedom, obtained the grant of a barony with reversion to his nephew, so that a peerage might be continued in the family.

There is a cause of confusion in regard to the peerage which must be noted here, and that is the number of families that have held certain well-known titles. In the old times, when the members of the nobility were continually getting into hot water, these changes were pretty rapid. Thus the title of Bedford was borne in succession by a De Bellomont, a De Courcy, a Plantagenet, a Nevill, and a Tudor, before it came into the Russell family in the year 1550; and that of Pembroke by a De Clare, a De Valence, a Hastings, a Plantagenet, a De la Pole, a Tudor, a Herbert, a Plantagenet again, a Tudor again, and a Boleyn, before it settled with the Herberts in 1551. In later times, when the rulers were not quite so vindictive, the titles forfeited after the Scotch rebellions in 1715 and 1745 were often conveniently allowed to a son or brother of the rebel. There have been

at all times, and are still, what may be called duplicate titles. There were two Lord Berkeleys, whose names constantly occur in Pepys's diary, to the great confusion of the reader. Such titles still exist. Thus there are two Barons Howard and two Barons Napier, although they have distinguishing affixes. There are two Barons Monteagle; and, although one of them is known by his Irish title of Marquis of Sligo, he sits in the House of Lords by right of his English barony.

Time and changed circumstances have robbed the nobleman of much of his grandeur in relation to others of less exalted rank, but he still retains many privileges. What they are may be read in the "Peerages." These are plentiful enough, for first there are the historical works of Dugdale, Collins, Nicolas, and Comthope, and then the more popular books of Lodge, Burke, and Dod, so little room seemed to be left for a new-comer. Yet Mr. Joseph Foster* has presented to the public a volume of over seven hundred pages, which proves the want it comes to fill. He has paid great attention to pedigrees, and struck out a large number of fanciful genealogies that have hitherto been allowed to stand as a laughing-stock for modern criticism, and which, "far from adding lustre to an honorable race, rather throw discredit upon the later and well-authenticated portions of the descent." The amount of work expended in the collection of the details contained in this book is something appalling to the ordinary mind, fed on the literature of the circulating library. These facts require study before they can be estimated or criticised, but there is one feature of the book which will be apparent to the most casual turner-over of the leaves.

We all know the trim arms usual in peerages, where all the coats are at first sight as much alike as two peas. But here all is different. The supporters look as if they were supporting something, and many of the shields would evidently fall into space without their assistance. All is life and action, so that these woodcuts, which are all drawn from authentic sources, give a liveliness to the volume which it would not otherwise possess.

We have hitherto only spoken of the peerage, but there is an hereditary title of honor that requires some mention at our hands—that is, the Order of Knights Baronets, which was founded by James I.

* The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of the British Empire for 1880. By Joseph Foster. Westminster: Nichols and Sons.

with the object of obtaining money. When it was first instituted, most of the grand territorial families of the country were represented on its roll. The first baronets stipulated to maintain thirty foot soldiers in Ireland at eightpence per diem, for three years, as Sir Oliver Lambert had just reduced the province of Ulster. The Scottish order originated shortly afterwards in the project for the colonization of Nova Scotia. There has been one—and only one—baronetess created, viz. Dame Mary Bolles, of Osberton, Notts, who was in 1635 elevated to a baronetcy of Scotland, with remainder to her heirs whatsoever.

Mr. Foster has made the baronetage a special feature of his book. Each baronet has his lineage set forth, and "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" are all mentioned. But—for there is a but—what will be the criticism on his work by those unfortunate sixty gentlemen whose claims to the dignity are not considered satisfactory by Mr. Foster, who relegates them to a chapter to themselves entitled "Chaos"? There is a great want of a court of awards for baronets, as now any one may take the title without fear of serious consequences. Therefore Mr. Foster is careful—he does not give an opinion, but he expresses a doubt.

An amusing pamphlet has been printed for private circulation entitled "Bellasis upon Tucker," which might bear as a second title that of "The Reviewer Reviewed." Mr. Tucker appears to have criticised with considerable severity Mr. Foster's "Peerage," and in return is trotted out in an amusing fashion by Mr. Bellasis. It rather alarms us to see Rouge Croix treated with banter by Blue-mantle Pursuivant of Arms. It must have occasioned a flutter at the college to see these dignified persons close in battle. The honors of war appear to be carried off by Mr. Bellasis.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CHINESE PROGRESS AND RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THE correspondent of the *Times* at Shanghai has recently presented a view of China as a great Asiatic power which contrasts strongly with the general opinion of its decadence among Western nations. No doubt the repeated insurrections, desolating whole provinces, and continuing for years without check from

the Imperial armies; and the widespread famines in which millions were left helplessly to perish, have done much to justify a disparaging estimate of the capacity of the Chinese for government and their chances of improvement as a nation. By those, however, who have taken sufficient interest in the course of events during the last ten years to watch the changes that have taken place among the Asiatic nationalities a different conclusion has been drawn. The part which these nationalities are likely to play in the development of commerce and civilization on the one hand, or the struggle for empire on the other, is a question of practical interest. It must long have been evident that China cannot be an unimportant factor in such a problem. The complete victory over the Taepings after nearly ten years of seemingly successful rebellion, followed after an interval by the destruction of all engaged in the scarcely less formidable Panthay insurrection of the Mussulman element in Yunnan, and, lastly, the reconquest of Eastern Turkestan at the furthest limits of Tartar and Mongol dominion in central Asia, were so many revelations of an unsuspected reserve of energy in the government and nation. Their last success in the recovery by negotiation of Kuldja is, all things considered, a more significant evidence of power and of capacity for dealing with political problems than any triumph over their own insurgent populations. It has reversed an unbroken course of Russian encroachments, by which China invariably lost territory, and Russia, without firing a shot, annexed the whole valley of the Amoor and half of Manchuria, together with a less important enlargement in many directions of her borders extending over three thousand miles of conterminous frontier. To seize and to hold has seemed to be the natural course of events; and what the Muscovite has once clutched, he has never before been known to let go in his dealings with China. But the Russian government has been taught within the last year or two that the presence of a Chinese army in central Asia and on the Russian border with hostile intent might prove very embarrassing. If not formidable, even with its lately acquired arms of precision and its smattering of European drill, against a well-found and disciplined Russian army, it represented a power of recruitment and reinforcement after defeat which could not fail to make itself felt as a serious menace. Each country is under the disadvan-

tage of a distant base — the distance for the Chinese, taking Sin-gan-fu as the nearest point to Kuldja, being some twenty-six hundred and seventy-eight miles; while Orenberg, as the Russian base, is little less. But there is this difference between the two — that with China the supply of men can be drawn from a population of certainly not less than four hundred millions, and at little cost; while Russia has to draw her forces from a population of seventy millions, scattered over a wider area, and her army is a far more costly machine to maintain in working order. A defeat to Russia in central Asia is a very serious event both in a political and financial point of view; whereas many defeats to the Chinese forces merely entail a further delay to get up fresh men and material, at far less cost. They do not endanger the preponderating influence which the emperors of China, under all reverses, have preserved wherever their rule has once extended. In Burmah, Pegu, and Cochín China on the south, as in Nepaul and Thibet on our northern and eastern boundaries, no less than over the vast territories of Ili and eastern Turkestan, no European power has ever rivalled their influence or materially damaged the Chinese prestige. These considerations may well have weighed with Russia in the negotiations for the restoration of Kuldja and its adjoining territory, which had lapsed, as it were by default, into Russian keeping during the short-lived reign of Yakooob Beg. For these and other reasons the restoration of Kuldja marks a new era in the relations of the two empires. It is reported that Chung How has been disgraced; and if the inference be correct that this has arisen from dissatisfaction at the terms of the cession which he negotiated, it only more signally marks how great a stride the Pekin government has made in its dealings with a power which has hitherto dictated its own terms whenever Chinese territory has been in question.

Time was when the great Mongol Genghis Khan and his immediate descendants for three generations held all Asia under their sway, from the Gulf of Scanderoon and the Volga to the Yellow Sea, at the extreme eastern coast of China; when Moscow was a fief of the Mongol, and no other power could contest the sway of this dominant race. Mongol, Tartar, and Chinese elements have since then been commingled, but the prestige of empire has remained and centred in

the emperor of China. At this moment, of all the great inheritance left by Genghis and strengthened by his grandson Kublai Khan, whose power Marco Polo celebrated in the thirteenth century, there are but three heirs now remaining — China, in the old seat of empire, still stretching her arms to the heart of Asia in eastern Turkestan; Russia on the north, spanning the whole breadth of the vast continent, while ever forging downwards, like a great glacier, to the fertile valleys of the south and the sunny slopes of Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, and India; while Great Britain, in her Indian empire, holds the keys of all the south from the Bay of Bengal to the Bosphorus. Turkey and Persia have too little of independence or power left to count among the successors of Genghis. Their subjects occupy fair portions of the territory; but it seems more than probable that they will soon have to fight against foreign domination and absorption. In the mean time, it is strange how China seems to be awakening to a new sense of vigor, notwithstanding the mystery that envelops the governing power at Peking — the sceptre borne by an infant in the hands of two women, who govern ostensibly as empress-regents, but who in reality must themselves be ruled by others under an impenetrable veil of administrative boards and grand secretaries. No foreigner has ever penetrated behind this veil, or can do more than guess where the true depositary of power exists or where the influences which govern the State are to be found. Yet such is the marvellous cohesiveness of the several parts of the State machinery, central and provincial, that, despite a large amount of misrule, corruption, and other disintegrating forces, the whole is kept in fair working order. Not many years ago it seemed the opinion of those most conversant with China that the weakness of the central power at Peking must ere long lead to a more or less partial dissolution of the bond that united the provinces to the capital, or else to a change of dynasty. But the whole aspect of affairs now shows that the movement is all the other way, tending to consolidation, and not to disintegration. Provincial governors and viceroys have become more amenable to central authority, and even men like Li-Hung-Chang have ceased to give rise to fears of usurpation. How is this? It has been suggested that the refusal of foreign envoys at Peking to treat any questions of treaty right or commerce

with provincial authorities, however highly placed, has had some influence; and it may be so. But other causes must have been at work, and we are inclined to believe that foreign commerce and its associated ideas and intercourse must have had yet more to do with this awakening of national consciousness and power. The strong conservative tendencies of the Chinese people, from the Confucian literati to the peasant farmer and proprietor, represent a vast accumulation of steady force; while the thrift, temperance, and love of order which distinguish the Chinese of all ranks lead to the accumulation of wealth and the possibility of rapidly repairing loss, from civil war and famines, which would cripple any other race for a whole generation.

With one language, literature, and religion, enjoying the fruits of a civilization dating beyond Greek or Roman history, with every variety of climate and natural produce, and a government but little oppressive to the million whatever it may be to individuals, the typical Chinese has little left to desire. We saw with astonishment not long ago an article proceeding from the pen of one of our consuls, who seemed to advocate the absorption of China by Russia as an event which the Chinese would have little cause to regret! The truth is, that no greater misfortune could befall the Chinese race. The worst government they have ever had is preferable to any that has ever been enjoyed by Russians. An exchange from the mild and peace-loving tenets of Confucius and the venal mandarin, for the Greek Church and the Russian tchin, would be a very sad one for the Chinaman, whatever his calling or rank, and a very deplorable one for the world at large.

From Nature.

A TIDAL PROBLEM.

THE so-called *seiches*, or alternate flux and reflux of water in the Lake of Geneva and other bodies of fresh water, have, as our readers know, formed the subject of an interesting study during the past decade by Dr. F. A. Forel, of Morges, near Geneva. Small local tides are constantly noticeable there, the difference between ebb and flow varying from a few centimetres to two metres. Their cause is to be traced to the wind, variations in atmospheric pressure at the extremities of the lake, etc. Dr. Forel, as the result of

his investigations has established a formula by means of which the duration of a local ebb and flow can be determined—not only for the Lake of Geneva, but for any lake—when its average depth and its length are known. This formula gives for the Lake of Geneva, which has a length of seventy-three kilometres, a duration of tide of thirteen minutes; a figure coinciding with the fact.

The law thus established by M. Forel has recently received an interesting application in solving a problem which has puzzled travellers and philosophers for over two thousand years, viz., the explanation of the currents in the narrow straits of Euripus, where the famous five-arched bridge of Egripo joins the island of Eubœa to the mainland of Greece. The currents sweeping below the bridge are so violent that mills are kept in operation by them, but they are noted for the changes in direction which occur from four to fourteen times daily. Tradition relates that Aristotle, in despair at his inability to explain this phenomenon, threw himself from the bridge into the water.

A comparison of the large number of observations made upon this strange tidal movement shows that there are two distinct periods: that in which there are but four changes of direction or two tides in a lunar day of twenty-four hours and fifty minutes, and that in which these tides number from eleven to fourteen daily. This latter phenomenon is observable invariably at the quadratures of the moon. M. Forel, in his explanation, shows that the regular ebb and flow twice a day in the former period is due to the tidal movement of the Ægean Sea, which is then at its maximum. The increase in the number of tides daily becomes manifest, however, when the tidal force of the

Ægean is, at its minimum, viz., at the quadratures, and must be owing to some other force more powerful than the minimum but less powerful than the maximum force of the Ægean tide. This force is found in the local tides or *seiches* of the Gulf of Talanti to the north of the straits, which is so shut in by land that it can practically be regarded as subject to the same laws as the lakes of Switzerland and other countries. This basin is one hundred and fifteen kilometres long, and is from one to two hundred metres in depth. Applying these figures to M. Forel's formula, the ebb and flow in the Gulf of Talanti would be for one hundred metres, one hundred and twenty-two minutes; for one hundred and fifty metres, one hundred minutes; for two hundred metres, eighty-six minutes. The eleven to fourteen currents observable daily at Euripus during the quadratures last from one hundred and three to one hundred and thirty-one minutes. This shows so striking a conformity with the theory advanced by the Swiss *savant*, that we can but consider this problem, which so vexed the ancients, as fairly solved.

Dr. Forel asks intelligent visitors to the locality to verify his interpretation by attending especially to the following points: 1. Ascertain the exact duration of the flux and reflux of the Euripus, and determine its normal rhythm. 2. Ascertain if, as in the *seiches* of the Lake of Geneva, the amplitude of the flux and reflux of the irregular current is stronger in bad weather than when there are no atmospheric perturbations. 3. Ascertain if the connections between the direction of the current and the flow of the rising sea are, as he supposes, inverse, according as the current is regular or irregular.

CAN WE SEE SOUND?—It has been demonstrated on various occasions that sound-waves of different quality produce forms of various shapes, but this important fact is shown in a novel and interesting manner by a new instrument which has been invented, called the phoneidoscope. The phoneidoscope consists of a cylindrical L-shaped brass tube, to the horizontal portion of which is attached an india-rubber tube and a wooden mouthpiece. At the termination of the vertical part of the instrument is a blackened brass disc, in which is an aperture. If the disc be now covered with a thin coating of soap and water similar to the preparation used in blowing soap bub-

bles, and a voice or instrument be sounded close to the mouthpiece, a curious effect can be perceived in the soap film at the other end of the instrument. The vibration of the molecules of air in the tube is transferred to the film, and bands of rainbow-tinted color become apparent, varying in form as the voice or instrument changes, and assuming an endless variety of patterns. Change of pitch produces a noticeable alteration in the forms, and the same notes on different instruments are marked by variations in the patterns on the soap solution, the colors in which, as the tenuity of the film increases, become marvellously beautiful.

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